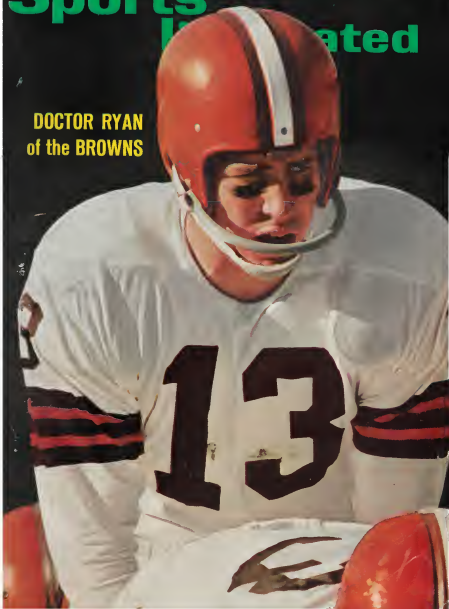


# Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 27, 1965

35 CENTS

**DOCTOR RYAN**  
of the BROWNS



Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?\*

SELECTED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF • BOTTLED IN GUGOTLAND • BENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



181 BURLINGAME CORNER, LONDON, ENGLAND

**\*We English.**

The Scots distill Haig —  
we jolly well drink Haig.  
Of hundreds of scotches,  
Britain's largest seller is Haig.  
You'll find Haig  
to your taste, too.





**New idea in lap-sitting:**  
(Unwrinkle-able Slacks!)

**ever  
pressed  
slacks**

These slacks stay as smooth and wrinkle-free as her cheeks. Through countless lap-sittings, sportcar squeezings and leg-crossings. The crease, sharp as a serpent's tooth, stays sharp for life. Credit our Everpressed process and 65% "Dacron"™ polyester, blended with 35% combed cotton. These slacks wear better longer, too — thanks to the great strength of "Dacron." (And she'll never have to get off your lap to iron them, no matter how often they're washed!) In a choice of slim styling, wherever slacks are sold. Or write Wright, from \$6.98



**65% "DACRON"™**  
35% COMBED COTTON



**wright**   
MANUFACTURED IN U.S.A. COLUMBIA, GEORGIA

\*Dacron is a registered Trade Mark

# The writer of this ad rented an Avis car recently. Here's what I found:



Cigarette butts. A whole ashtray full.

I write Avis ads for a living. But that doesn't make me a paid liar.

When I promise that the least you'll get from Avis is a clean Plymouth with everything in perfect order, I expect Avis to back me up.

I don't expect full ashtrays; it's not like them.

I know for a fact that everybody in that company, from the president down, tries harder.

"We try harder" was their idea; not mine.

And now they're stuck with it; not me.

So if I'm going to continue writing these ads, Avis had better live up to them. Or they can get themselves a new boy.

They'll probably never run this ad.

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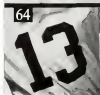
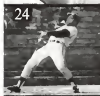
It is the first postwar American front-drive car, the Toronado, here tested and judged by an expert

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## Next week

THE WORLD SERIES begins October 6 in Minnesota, where the Twins, who settled the American League race some weeks ago, await the National League's best. A fresh analysis.

NOTRE DAME meets a big test against Purdue, an old and unswayed enemy. Dan Jenkins describes the showdown game that pits the hard-running Irish against a slick passing attack.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES, from a rented room to Mrs. Astor's mansion—all this by way of the races? Fantastic? Unbelievable? Yes. That's the crazy story of Norman Ford.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Garry Vail

As you doubtless already know from your newspapers, Jack Dempsey filed suit against SPORTS ILLUSTRATED after we printed an excerpt from a new autobiography of the late Jack Kearns, who had been his manager.

Dempsey's specific charge was that we had damaged him when we quoted Kearns as saying that, unknown to Dempsey, he "loaded" Dempsey's gloves with plaster of Paris, enabling Dempsey to administer the historically devastating beating to Jess Willard on July 4, 1919, which made him world heavyweight champion.

Jack Dempsey has been a friend of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED since publication began in 1954. He has cooperated with us in the production of a number of stories concerning boxing, and he has also made public appearances in our behalf to promote the business fortunes of this magazine.

We have been his friend, too, and, not wanting to hurt this famous sports figure, we printed his vigorous denial of Kearns's allegations.

Now we are pleased to record a happy ending to this story. Since publication, no evidence has come to us to support the tale told by Kearns, and we support and wholeheartedly accept Jack Dempsey's denial.

Good men, of which Dempsey is one, are sorely needed in boxing in these troubled days.

Most of the automotive stories in this magazine are concerned with races and racers—the Indy 500s and the Jimmy Clarks, the Daytonas 500s and the Freddy Lorenzens. From time to time, however, we invite your attention to a car of special significance. Last year the expert sports-car racing driver Bob Grossman tested and analyzed the new

Ford Mustang for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, predicting that it would become a sort of sports car for everyman. That happened.

In this issue Grossman appraises another new model, the front-drive Oldsmobile Toronado. On reading his report I was struck by the amount of sports-car thinking that seems to have gone into the car. The people at Olds clearly have taken pains to make the car corner better and steer more quickly than the average full-sized product, and they have come up with a firmer ride.

What has happened over the last decade, of course, is that nearly all passenger cars have become sportier, and most sports cars have acquired some passenger-car conveniences. Not so long ago it was kind of silly to have a sports car with windup windows and a ride that did not jar your spine. Not so long ago Detroit was so preoccupied with things like horsepower and automatic transmissions and design features to appeal to the growing number of women influencing car sales that other things—such as the manner in which a car took curves—were neglected. Detroit has also caught on to the appeal of sports-car-style bucket seats, floor-mounted gearshifts (so laboriously engineered out of U.S. cars after World War II), fast-back roof lines and even simulated wire wheels with genuine-looking (but inoperable) racing knock-off hubcaps.

By adding a touch of sports-car appeal to the Toronado, Olds stimulates interest in the art of good driving. And with that front-drive feature I imagine the car will be popular on snowy hills in ski country. Getting to and from the slopes in dirty weather is a pretty fair sport in its own right.

# Chesterfield People:

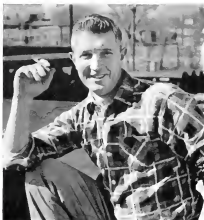
They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Richard Brown is with a brokerage firm in New York



Jeanne Sully is a fashion designer in California



Edward R. Sullivan is foreman of a waterworks in Massachusetts



Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

**CHESTERFIELD KING** tastes great...tastes mild!



*To my friend,  
the Tiger,  
Thanks for all  
your help in the  
World Championship  
races and at "Indy."*

*Looking forward  
to working with  
you again in  
the American  
Grand Prix!*

*Jimmy  
Clark*

*Jim Clark*

Take a tip from Jimmy Clark—new World Champion . . . winner of the Indianapolis "500" with Special Esso Racing Fuel

**"PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK!"**

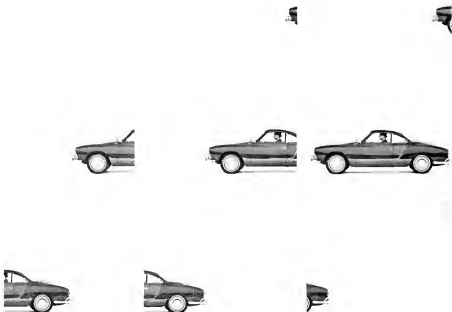


**HUMBLE**

OIL & REFINING COMPANY . . . AMERICA'S LEADING ENERGY COMPANY . . . MAKERS OF ESSO PRODUCTS

© HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY, 1962





© 1964 Volkswagen of America, Inc. \*MSRP. EXcludes taxes, license, title, and optional equipment. \*\*MSRP. Excludes taxes, license, title, and optional equipment. \*\*\*MSRP. Excludes taxes, license, title, and optional equipment.

**When one of those goes by, do you have any idea what it is?**

It's a Volkswagen Karmann Ghia.

It looks like an expensive sports car (because its body was designed by an expensive sports car designer).

But it's actually a Volkswagen (it has a Volkswagen engine and chassis). VW dealers service them and sell them. The cost: a sane \$2250\*.

So people don't have to just watch it go by.

They can go buy it.



**We finally found a guy who looks good in a metal zipper.**



We just looked over a rainbow and there he was. The only man in the world who prefers a hard, gleaming metal zipper on his trousers over the soft invisible Talon Zephyr nylon zipper. Score one for the metal zipper. Now the score is only 60,000,000 to 1 in favor of Talon Zephyr zippers. Not bad when you figure that the only dissenting vote comes from a guy who hasn't even got a heart.



Being there longer than most isn't enough.

You've got to arrive at the best way to make Bourbon. Then work hard, every day, to keep making it that way.

So, we still make our mash with more of the costlier small grains. They push up the price, but smooth out the flavor.

We double-distill drop by drop, instead of the faster big batch way.

We even make our own barrels, from pre-selected heartland white oak—charred on the inside to 3/22". From this char comes the marriage of body and flavor that is ours alone.

And we taste test, each season as the whiskey ages, to be sure what reaches you deserves to carry our name. What doesn't never will.

Head of the Bourbon family?

Our whiskey got to the top because people ranked it best.

As long as we have anything to do about it, they always will.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys.  
86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Distilled  
and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn  
by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

**You don't get to be  
head of the Bourbon family  
by just sitting around  
growing old.**



**Old Grand-Dad**  
Head of the Bourbon Family



# Arrow introduces the permanently ironed sport shirt.

The Decton "Perma-Iron" shirt at left  
has already been washed, never ironed.  
Read how it is Born Ironed, Stays Ironed.

This one is for active types. No matter if you're playing hard or just giving the lawn a once-over-lightly, this shirt won't wrinkle ever. And it never heard of ironing.

We figured you'd want proof of that. So we put the shirt shown at left through a rigorous wash-and-dry cycle. No ironing at all. Go ahead and try to find a wrinkle.

Our remarkable Perma-Iron shirts have a built-in memory for the freshly ironed form. They remember it faithfully, flawlessly

—washing after washing. Just tumble dry for best results.

We also figured you'd want a long-wearing fabric. That called for our extra-hardy Dacron<sup>®</sup> polyester and cotton blend. And, with "Sanforized-Plus" these shirts keep their shape for life.

Decton Perma-Iron, \$5.95 for men. But we don't play favorites. Our Lady Arrow line has it, too. Either way, you get permanent ironing that's really permanent.

—ARROW—

# SCORECARD

## THE BARE BEAR FACTS

What the world's zoologists know about the polar bear, it would seem, is that he is a large, white-furred mammal with a habitat restricted to the Arctic and to zoos. Lending authorities, if that is the word, of the U.S., Canada, Denmark, Norway and the U.S.S.R., meeting at the University of Alaska, were unable to say whether there is a single population of the bears migrating counterclockwise around the North Pole, as suggested by some, or whether there are several regional populations, whether or not they are threatened with extinction; what sound management policies should be; or even how many bears there are. Guesses ranged between 5,000 and 19,000.

In an interview, Ivan A. Maksimov, representative from the Soviet Union, denied the recent trend of polar-bear hunting in Alaska, which during the past 15 years has degenerated from Eskimos hunting them by dogsled to trophy-seekers chasing them to exhaustion in light planes.

"What chance does the poor animal have when he is chased by a plane until he is unable to run, then the plane lands and the hunter gets out and shoots the exhausted animal?" Maksimov asked. "Do you call this sport?"

In indirect reply, C. Edward Carlson, chief of the Division of Wildlife Research, U.S. Department of the Interior, said that "before long" there will have to be regulation of polar-bear hunting in the U.S. Yes, indeed.

We are a bit querulous about the whole matter, because we assigned an Alaskan correspondent to cover the conference, only to have him barred by U.S. Department of State representatives from all but one working session. For 20 minutes he was allowed to listen to an Alaskan Department of Game agent utter duck calls, then was asked to leave. A U.S. delegate moved that papers presented to the conference be not released to the press and, having obtained copies of them nonetheless, we can understand why they were suppressed. One suggestion: that 40 polar bears be equipped

with radio transmitters and then tracked in their wanderings by a satellite put in orbit over the North Pole.

## THAT'S FOR OPENERS

A 17-year-old exchange student from Denmark, Peter Koller Nielsen of Louisville (Ohio) High School, saw his first football game recently and, you might say, won it.

Peter signed on as a student manager when practice started this season. One day he was fooling around, kicking the ball in the soccer style of his native Denmark. Next day the coaches had him trying for points after touchdown. Then they put him to kicking field goals. Then they ordered a uniform for him.

In the season's opener Louisville played Canton Glenwood. Four times Peter went into the game. He kicked a conversion and three field goals for 10 points—the margin of victory in a 24-14 Louisville win.

If Peter was nervous before the game he did not show it. However, he did turn to Dr. Charles Hearn, team physician, and ask, "How many boys will be out there with me?"

## THE PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR

The new owner of the Los Angeles Lakers, who paid Robert E. Short, attorney and trucking executive, \$5,175,000 for them, is a highly volatile, very personable, extremely rich native of Canada and naturalized citizen of the U.S. named Jack Kent Cooke, who used to be a saxophone player. What he got was a topnotch basketball team and very little more, for the Lakers own no real estate and you could load all their worldly goods into something a little larger than a pickup truck. Six years ago they were \$300,000 in debt, had to borrow their office furniture and were required to pay cash for equipment.

But a basketball team is what Cooke wanted. He is a sports nut. ("Sports are one of the main cultural activities on the face of the earth. I love them.") He is a former owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs of the International (baseball)

League, one of the founders of the ill-fated Continental (baseball) League and he owns 25% of the Washington Redskins of the National Football League. He has applied for the National Hockey League franchise to be awarded to Los Angeles. In 1953, a year after he bought the Maple Leafs, they set an attendance record of 456,000, and *The Sporting News* named him "Minor League Executive of the Year." In prep school he played quarterback in football, shortstop in baseball and center in hockey. Today, at 52, he is an avid golfer.

Previous high for an NBA franchise was the \$3,100,000 the Ruppert Brewing Company paid earlier this year for the Boston Celtics. But Cooke was willing to go better than \$2,000,000 higher for the Lakers because, for all his involvement in professional sport, he is a true amateur at heart.

"You don't know what keen fun is until you own a club," he told a friend,

## SPECIALIST

When the Chicago Cubs are at home, 14-year-old Bruce Ronnebeck and a dozen other kids may be found standing outside Wrigley Field's left-field fence. Their



hobby: retrieving home-run balls hit over the fence and returning them to the hitters, who like to have them as souvenirs. For each ball recovered, the hitter is expected to give back another ball. So far Bruce has collected 31.

Bruce's system is simple. He just waits until he hears a cheer go up inside the park, then looks up to see if a ball is coming over the fence. He refuses auto-

CONTINUED

## Will he rip off tackle like Bill Dudley?

In a game of behemoths, the odds against a 170-pound halfback are high. But no one told "Bullet Bill" Dudley about them. With a jarring change of pace, he left the big boys grabbing the air. And he could pass, punt and kick extra points, too. Twice the N. F. L.'s most valuable player, Bill Dudley is a member of the Football Hall of Fame and Equitable

is proud that he is now one of its most successful representatives.

Not every youngster can be a Bill Dudley. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness

of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

To support the national fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.



The **EQUITABLE** Life Assurance Society of the United States

For an attractive 7½ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Bill Dudley, to Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1424, New York, New York 10004.

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019  
© Equitable 1965

graphed balls in return for those he has recovered, preferring that his collection be austere and unmarked.

There are those who hold that Bruce is the best outfielder the Cubs have.

#### BOOM FOR WHEELER DEALERS

For one reason and another, U.S. bicycle manufacturers expect to sell almost six million bikes this year, which is a million more than they sold in 1964. According to Jim Hayes, director of information for the Bicycle Institute of America, much of the credit belongs to that immoderate, evangelistic cyclist, Dr. Paul Dudley White, the heart specialist, who is considered a very big wheel by the institute. "Bless his almost transparently thin old body," says Hayes.

Dr. White aside, the boom is largely due to the "high-riser." This is that far-out object with the high handlebars (called ape hangers or Texas longhorns), the long seat (known as a banana or polo seat) and the tiny wheels, which apparently every other kid in the U.S. is zipping around on nowadays.

The high-riser was dreamed up two or three years ago in southern California, and represents the first widely accepted radical change in bicycle design since 1893, when the "safety" bike was invented. In the first six months of this year, 500,000 high-risers were sold.

Because it is geared down, has a short wheelbase and small wheels, the high-riser accelerates quickly, is easy to pedal and is very maneuverable. The high-riser also appeals to kids because it is (or was) different and vaguely resembles a motorcycle. And, like a motorcycle, it can be decked out with a lot of accessories, called gooks.

Hayes was asked whether the more obvious boom in light motorcycles was at all deflating the less apparent bicycle boom.

"You should have a lousy lunch," he said coldly, "and maybe get food poisoning, even."

#### TOLL TAIL

Long, long ago, the tale goes, Canadian Indians noticed that there is a natural enmity between ducks and foxes, because foxes are known to rob nests. The fox used this antipathy to his advantage. A pair of foxes would team up, one hiding, the other prancing and frolicking along the shore of a lake. Seeing the playful fox, a flight of ducks would ap-

prouch and land on the water, quacking and hissing in a most insulting manner. Some of the more excited ducks would waddle ashore, there to be seized by the fox's lurking partner.

So the Indians, still according to the legend, bred a dog that resembled a fox in size, color and bushy tail and used him to lure ducks within arrow range. When the Acadian settlers came to Nova Scotia they picked up the trick from the Indians. The breed survives today and is known as the Nova Scotia duck-tolling retriever.

The Indian legend is a dandy, except that in Middle English the meaning of the word "toll" was, according to Webster, "to entice (game, esp. wild ducks) to approach by arousing their curiosity, as by the antics of a trained dog." And there are some who hold that the duck-retriever originated in Holland.

He is limited pretty much to Nova Scotia these days and is not too common even there. One of the most important fanciers of the breed is Avery Nickerson of Digby, N.S. Over the past 15 years or so he has owned upwards of 100 of these dogs, now owns eight. When he uses a duck-toller, Nickerson hides in a blind, tossing out a stick from time to time to keep the dog gambling on the shore. After the ducks come in, Nickerson stands up, flushing them, and shoots them on the rise.

The dog's tail, incidentally, is quite important. It should have a white tip. So equipped, a wagging tail can entice a flock of ducks from as far as three quarters of a mile on a clear day, according to Nickerson.

#### HOW BLUE THE NOSE

The liquor laws of the various states are distilled from a sour mishmash, no two alike. In Ohio the law forbids not only the sale of liquor on Sunday but even its consumption in private clubs. The latter aspect of the law has been pretty much ignored until recently, when tavern owners, unsuccessful in their attempt to get a relaxation of the Sunday law, spitefully pressed for enforcement of the country club statute. There may be a bottle in the locker, club operators learned, but it must be unopened and its owner cannot drink from it on Sunday.

"Members are just not going to stay for dinner if they can't drink," sighed one country club manager. "It's going to cost us most of a day's revenue."

That is just what happened, a survey of clubs around the state disclosed.

Curiously, the courts have ruled that guests may drink in their hotel rooms, presumably on the ground that the room is the guest's home away from home. Many a thirsty Ohio golfer, feels that principle should apply to his club, too.

#### RELATIVITY

Big-game fishing off Cape Hatteras is more to his liking, but inland, near his home in Winston-Salem, N.C., Will Reynolds must make do with the little black bass. His problem: to make fishing for bass comparable to fishing for marlin.

So he built a miniature yacht, 42 inches long, battery-powered and radio-controlled. In its stern he set a tiny fisherman, named Beatie, with a tiny rod and reel in his hands.

Now Reynolds sits on shore, puffing on his pipe, and directs the yacht while an artificial lure trails behind it. When a bass strikes he signals Beatie to reel in and after the fish is licked commands the yacht to return to shore.

Biggest catch so far has been a one-pound bass but Reynolds believes Beatie can handle anything up to three pounds.

#### POINT OF VIEW

Andorra, the 191-square-mile mini-republic in the Pyrenees, has the highest bullfight in Europe, in which are performed some of the world's worst bullfights. The *olé* is seldom heard in Andorra.

At a recent performance two English children were watching the show, the 12-year-old girl taking plenty of photographs with her Brownie. At one point, with the bull already covered with blood, the picador's horse appeared reluctant to take further part in the proceedings. An Andorran started to whack its rump with a cane.

As the girl stood up to record the incident for her album, her younger brother spoke sternly: "Mary, you're not going to take a photograph of that, are you? That man's beating that horse. The RSPCA says it's cruel."

#### THEY SAID IT

● Jess Neely, Rice coach, appraising his end, Murphy Davis: "He's one of the best bad-pass catchers we've ever had. If I can get our boys to throw bad I won't worry about him catching it."

● Jim Hayes, Houston Oilers tackle, asked if he had been raised in the suburbs of Meriden, Mass.: "Man, the whole town is suburbs." **END**



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# THOSE FEARSOME NEW

**T**he Green Bay Packers may wrap up the Western Division early this year—say next Sunday, when they play the Baltimore Colts in Milwaukee. For two quarters at Pittsburgh this week they seemed to be intent on finishing last, and they left the field at half time losing 7-9. Then, scorched by what must have been an uncommonly heated lecture from

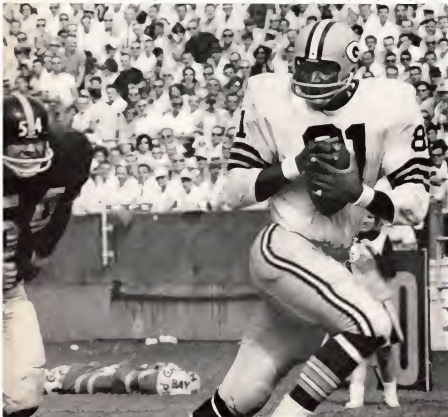
Cosch Vincent Lombardi, the Packers came back in the second half for a 41-9 victory and underlined their rating as the best team in football.

Some 230 miles to the east, the Baltimore Colts certified a strong claim to be ranked second best. They squeezed Minnesota's Fran Tarkenton into a narrow pocket and denied him the right to

scramble. A nonscrambling Tarkenton proved to be just another quarterback; a nonscrambling (as usual) Johnny Unitas flicked sure passes into the cracks in the Viking defense for a 35-16 victory.

As the first half indicated, the Packers were off form against Pittsburgh, despite the final score. This is one of the measures of a championship team; on

*A new star of the Packers, End Mary Fleming, catches the touchdown pass that put Green Bay ahead of Pittsburgh. Fleming is a third-year man.*



# PACKERS

*Loaded with youth and power, Green Bay crushed Pittsburgh on opening day and looked ready to reassert its old dominance in the NFL. But next Sunday's game with the Colts, who defeated the talented Vikings, will be an early and crucial test* **by** **TEX MAULE**

an off day it wins 41-9; a lesser team loses. So the Packers, notably less sharp than the Packers normally are, did not stumble. But Green Bay probably was looking ahead a week to Baltimore, while the Colts, against Minnesota, could not afford that luxury.

"This is the worst game I've played this year," said Steve Wright, the young

and very good Green Bay offensive tackle. "You better believe I'll be better next week."

He undoubtedly will be. The key to Green Bay excellence is improvement. If the players do not improve, they leave. "Hustle and smart is Green Bay," says Ken flowman, a smart and hustling young center. "Coach won't put up with

a loafer, and you don't get two chances to make a mistake. You are completely prepared when you take the field; if you don't know what you are supposed to do, you weren't paying attention. The one thing coach absolutely won't put up with is a mental error. He embarrasses you if you make a mental error. He chews you out in front of the team."

*continued*

*A key Packer linebacker, Lee Roy Caffey (60), also a third-year man, moves up to tackle runner Mike Lind. Caffey aided force Packer pass rush.*



The young Packers shook their mental lethargy in the second half against Pittsburgh, they will have to be as bright as Lombardi demands for four quarters against Baltimore.

Lombardi, who was a school teacher and who took a law degree before becoming a coach, has only limited patience for bright pupils and none for the retarded. "If a boy has potential, we'll go with him," Lombardi says. "But if he does not show any development during his second year with the team my inclination is to discard him. Some ballplayers reach an early plateau; they come fast for one year and then they tail off, and during their second year with the team they hit a level they never exceed. If that happens we trade them—or cut them."

In the last three years, Lombardi has had a bumper crop of players who continued to escalate during their second season. A substantial number of the starters on the first two units of the Packers come from this group. As he proved Sunday, when he caught a total of four passes for 61 yards, Marv Fleming, a 6-foot-4 235-pounder from Utah, has replaced the redoubtable Ron Kramer to Lombardi's satisfaction. Fleming's progress has not been steady. He has fluctuated between very good and mediocre, but the very good phase has outweighed the mediocre, and he should be the starting tight end for the Packers for the rest of this season, at least.

According to Lombardi, it is much easier to break in early as an offensive player—other than quarterback—than as a defensive player. "An offensive player has everything laid out," Lombardi says. "The play is precise and he knows what he should do. A defensive player must react to any one of a wide variety of situations. And he must be very quick, physically and mentally." But under Lombardi's program of integrating young players some defenders have broken in with unusual speed. Of the nine starters with three or fewer years three are second-year defensive men; Doug Hart, Steve Wright and Tom Brown. One of the three youngsters on offense is in his second year.

Lombardi's tremendous rebuilding job on the not-too-antiquated Packers has been based on the varying time lags in the development of players at each position. "You draft a top quarterback whenever one is available," he says,



Minnesota's Fran Tarkenton (10) is corralled in passing pocket by Baltimore's Fred Miller.





Baltimore's receiving star against Minnesota, *Jeremy Orr*, takes a *Unitas* touchdown pass.



"Quarterbacks take a long time, maybe four or five years, to mature. Dennis Claridge has all the physical equipment to be one of the best, but he will need two or three years to develop the play recognition and the intuition a quarterback has to have. Burt Starr has that right now; I think he's one of the best in the business. By the time he's ready to retire, Claridge should have learned all he needs to move in."

At the other end of the learning scale are the running backs, who make the smallest adjustment from college to professional football. "You can replace them in one draft at the last minute," Lombardi said. "So, when you feel your runners are beginning to grow old, you can draft for runners the year before you need them."

Offensive linemen need a year or two of seasoning; receivers, whether they are tight ends, flankers or spread ends, need two or three. Although Bob Long, in his second year, may start several games as a flanker, he is one of four players who will split time at the equivalent positions of flanker and spread end. Max McGee (10 years in the league), Boyd Dowler (seven) and Carroll Dale (six) are the others. So Long can be worked into the Packer offense gradually.

Defensive backs and linebackers take more breaking in than any other players, except quarterbacks. "You have to look ahead about three years," Lombardi says. The physical tasks of defensive backs and linebackers are more demanding, too. "In most positions we look for size first," Lombardi says. "We have had quite a few good athletes in camp who could do everything real well but who weren't big enough. You hate to cut them, but you have to. No matter how skillful they are, if they give away too much weight, they can't do the job. In defensive backs we look for quick feet. Not straightaway speed—quick feet."

The defensive backs—and the linebackers, to a degree—not only must have quick feet but also matching mental agility. Doug Hart is a case in point for defensive backs, and Lee Roy Caffey and Dave Robinson for linebackers. Hart was drafted by the Packers three years ago, when Lombardi was strongly fortified at corner back with Jesse Whitten and Herb Adderley. Adderley was in his second year and obviously good for a long time to come, but Whitten was in his seventh year. Although he was still among the best in the league at

*continued*

his difficult position, it was obvious to Lombardi that he must have someone standing by to take over when time wore away Whittenton's physical skills to the point where experience could not compensate. Hart showed promise; Lombardi carried him on the Packer taxi squad his first year, so that he could pick up know-how watching Whittenton, and brought him up to the varsity his second year, where he spelled Whittenton often enough to pick up valuable game experience. This year, when Whittenton retired, Hart was capable of moving in and assuming the responsibilities of corner back with no notable drop-off in the efficiency of the Packer pass defense.

Lombardi had a more difficult problem in replacing his two veteran linebackers, Bill Forester and Dan Currie; they grew old together, Forester was a little older than Currie, and he was replaced in one of the few crash substitutions Lombardi has been forced to make. Faced with the undeniable fact that Forester was nearing the end and that no one had been blooded to step in, Lombardi gave up a fine young running back named Earl Gros to acquire Caffey, a young linebacker from Philadelphia. He had drafted Robinson in reserve, but Robinson had not played much in his rookie season and Caffey had been a full-time linebacker. Forester retired and Caffey moved in. Robinson completed his education as a corner linebacker last year, sharing time with Currie. This year, with Robinson ready and Forester long gone, Caffey and Robinson took over as the corner linebackers for the Packers.

"It is a little strange playing between them," says Ray Nitschke, who has been in the league eight years and, as the middle linebacker, stabilizes the linebacking corps and the whole defense. "I was so used to Bill and Dan. But these are good men. I'll get used to them, too. They've got a lot of quick. When we shoot the corner linebackers now, they're in on the passer before he has time to look up."

When Nitschke is on the sideline Caffey takes his place—an indication of things to come. Oddly enough, the old Packers do not seem resentful of this calculated plan of retirement for obsolescent players. "Ah never thought about it," said Dave (Hawg) Hanner, who was a defensive tackle for Green Bay for 14 years before becoming a defensive coach this season. His replacement is Ron Kostelnik, who began

learning his trade some five years ago from Hanner.

"Ah always figured Ah could play as long as Ah wanted to," Hanner went on, speaking around a lump of chewing tobacco the size of a tennis ball. "They ain't no place on this ball club for a man who won't help out the young ball-players. This is a team. It ain't for the man playing for himself."

Although defensive tackle may be the least complicated of all defensive positions to play, it is more subtle than it appears to be and the help of a veteran like Hanner is invaluable to the younger players coming up. "When Ron came up, he was like all the rookies," Hanner said. "Big, strong boy, lots of desire, but he had bad habits. He would make contact with the blocker, then look up into the backfield to see where the ball was. Naturally, when he lifted his head, he stood up and the blocker got to him. He had to learn to look at the man in front of him until he beat him. When the man put his head on one side, Ron had to learn how to move that way to close the hole, *now* look for the ball-carrier. Same thing on rushing the passer. First thing a rookie got to do is play to stop the run, then rush the passer. And when he rushes the passer, he's got to concentrate on beating the man blocking him first, then look for the quarterback. You look for the quarterback and don't look at the blocker, he's gonna beat you ever time."

Kostelnik was so apt a student that Hanner is no longer a playing coach. And the rest of the Packer youth movement profited from the experienced players on the squad in the same way.

If Lombardi's young group holds up, the Packers have a better than good chance for a long time to come. Of the 40 players on the team as the season opened, there is a clear separation of oldtimers and newcomers. Nineteen of the 40 have been in the league more than five years; their average age is a little more than 29, their average experience is eight years. The other 21 are the Packers of the youth movement and the near future; their average age is a trifle more than 23, and their average experience is a little less than two and a half years.

For every old Packer, there is a young one waiting impatiently on the sidelines; this, as Lombardi knows well, makes for not only an eager young team, but an eager old one as well. Lombardi

is a demanding and difficult coach, but the players don't mind this. An example is an experience of Ken Bowman. As a rookie Bowman was beaten three times in a row by Willie Davis, the great Packer defensive end, in Packer scrambles. The third time he was beaten Lombardi told him, "Get off the field."

"I knew that if I couldn't produce I wouldn't be just off the field but I'd be off the Packer football team," Bowman said. "I also knew that if I could produce Lombardi would find a place for me on the team. We played a game the next Sunday, and I did what I had to do because I knew I had to do it."

The Packers, old and young, will come to a crossroads Sunday when they meet another team with almost the same combination of wise age and eager youth. The Colts, under the canny guidance of Quarterback John Unitas, turned back the young enthusiasts from Minnesota 35-16 on the hottest September 19 in Baltimore since 1896, and they did it with aplomb and an impressive display of depth.

While the Green Bay youngsters were demonstrating how well they have learned their lessons, the Colt victory was fashioned principally by the older halfplayers, with only an occasional assist from the new Colts. Unitas picked at the flaws in the Viking defense carefully and accurately, and he threw to tested receivers like Raymond Berry and Jimmy Orr. When the Colts needed to move on the ground, he handed the ball to Lenny Moore or Jerry Hill, both of whom have been around a long time.

"All we heard all week was contain," one of the Colt defensive players said. "Contain Tarkenton. So that's what we did. We let him have the middle and kept him from rolling out. If he has to throw from the pocket he misses."

The cogeny of the Baltimore plan was immediately obvious. Throwing from the pocket, Tarkenton was inaccurate. Twice on one series of plays he had End Paul Flutie open behind a Baltimore defender, and twice he overthrew the receiver. In contrast, when Unitas sent Jimmy Orr downfield on a deep pattern and Orr beat a Viking corner back by a step, Unitas' long pass settled precisely in his arms for a gain that set up a Baltimore touchdown.

Baltimore was an impressive team in this victory; in Milwaukee against

*Smiling a rare smile, Coach Vince Lombardi watches Packers pile up points on Steelers.*

Green Bay the Colts will have to be as good or better. The Vikings, in the willing heat at Baltimore, had no first-line replacements to spell their punting first teams either on offense or defense. The Packers will be able to dredge up quality football players from the deepest bench in football.

Despite their handy victory, the Colts showed some flaws that could be fatal against a team as accomplished as Green Bay. Flatley often beat the Colt secondary. Had Tarkenton been on target, the game could have gone to the Vikings. Starr is a cool and competent quarterback, and his receivers are at least as good as Tarkenton's. Like Unitas, he is a drop-back passer, and the Colt defense will have an entirely different chore in Milwaukee. Instead of trying to hold Starr inside the blocking cup they will have to try to force him out of it. They will find this difficult.

Although Unitas and the Colt offense proved again that they move the ball as well as any team, the brightest part of the victory was the sturdy Colt defense. With the retirement of Defensive End Gino Marchetti and Middle Linebacker Bill Pellington, the most serious problem facing the Colts had been to find replacements for them. But Dennis Gaubatz, a young middle linebacker obtained in a between-season trade with Detroit, gave the Baltimore defense more range than Pellington at his position, and Lou Michaels played superbly in Marchetti's place.

The Colts will score more than the Steelers did, and the first-rate Colt defense probably will hold Green Bay well under 41 points, but the Packers should win, if for no other reason than that Lombardi can scare them into winning.

Don Chandler, who went to Green Bay from the New York Giants this year to do the kicking for the team, said, "The first Packer meeting I went to, I sat and listened and my hands were wet with sweat. When the man got up and started to talk to us about what we had to do, we knew we had to do it. He laid it out and you got the feeling if you made one mistake you had had it. So you don't make one mistake. That's the mark of this ball club. You don't make mistakes. You play smart."

END



# JOLLY BOB FINDS HIS GAME

*A University of Florida senior, who did not even play golf until forced to give up football and baseball, Bob Murphy chain-smoked cigars to calm his nerves and got hot enough to win the U.S. Amateur* **by ALFRED WRIGHT**



Winner Murphy hugs his new hardware next to runner-up Bob Dickson, who lost by a wedge.

The United States Golf Association was formed back in 1894 to conduct an amateur championship, and in the 64 times it has done so since, the event has been won by nice, normal match play scores of 1 up, or 4 and 3, and once even 12 and 11. It was time for a change. Last week at Tulsa the country's oldest golf event had a new format, new rules, bizarre penalties, a wandering wedge, withering weather and—strangest of all to the eye of the traditionalist—a winning score of 291. That was the total turned in by Bob Murphy Jr., a 22-year-old University of Florida senior, and if it must be reported that he is a renegade football quarterback and baseball pitcher who only took up golf four years ago because he hurt his shoulder, that too is in keeping with events at this year's Amateur.

The major alteration from match play to stroke play was made by the USGA in the hope that it would attract greater public interest—i.e., TV, which will broadcast next year's championship. But at Southern Hills Country Club last week, it may have saved lives. "Yesterday's temperature," a radio announcer said one morning, "was 104, and the forecast for today is continued cool." If the tournament had been decided by the old six-day knockout competition, wherein the finalists had to play as many as 36 holes a day for the last four days, the winner would quite simply have been the sole survivor. Even Charlie Coe, the two-time champion who lives just down the road a piece in Oklahoma City, found the weather a bit much. "I don't see how anyone my age [41] could play 36 holes a day in this heat," Charlie observed, after finding himself leading the tournament at the end of the third round. "But any of us can play 18 holes a day. What we are lacking in stamina



we can usually make up in experience."

At this point the previously formless tournament was finally taking shape as a battle between the elderly, led by Coe, and the pups, a growling gaggle of unknowns, as pups always are. Two strokes behind Coe was Bill Campbell, the 42-year-old defending champion. Tied with Campbell was Jim Vickers, a 36-year-old Wichita, Kans. oil executive who had won the NCAA championship way back in 1952. The youngsters were Jim Grant, 23, a Texas college boy who lives near Hartford, Conn.; Cesar Sanudo, 21, a Texas college boy who lives near San Diego; Bob Dickson, 21, an Oklahoma college boy who actually lives in Oklahoma and, naturally, Bob Murphy.

In the final round on Saturday—pick your cliché—youth refused to be denied, or age could no longer keep up. Coe began hooking tee shots that started for Wyoming and ended in Mexico. Campbell and Vickers retreated more reluctantly but just as surely, when each shot 38 on the front nine.

That left it up to three of the pups—Grant having shipped to a 40. The most impressive was Dickson, who had earlier assured himself a place in golf history when he hit into a sand trap on the second day of play. He reached into his bag for a sand wedge and found two of them. In this case, two wedges equalled a vice, for it meant Dickson had 15 clubs in his bag, one over the limit. He had to be assessed four penalty strokes, two for each hole he had played. Dickson had never seen the extra wedge before, but someone in the caddy shop had carelessly shoved it into his bag. A tall, meaty and impassive young man, he accepted his bad luck and continued resolutely on about his business. Now, by the 9th hole of the last day, he had, remarkably, managed to fashion himself a three-stroke lead over the field. Sanudo, meanwhile, had been sneaking up on the leaders for a long time, but it still hardly seemed credible that when he reached the 70th hole this bouncy, cheerful man had suddenly snatched Dickson and was tied for first.

Murphy was the real surprise, though. He was ahead at the end of the second day's play, but a 76 on Friday cost him dearly, and there was nothing in his appearance that made you think he would catch up. He is 5 feet 8 and 195 pounds. In golf terms he is a cross between a Porky Oliver and Jack Nicklaus, and in

any other terms he is a Huck Finn grown up, with a round, Irish face, curly red hair that forever struggles out from under his white hat and a big cigar clenched in his teeth. At the University of Florida, where he was only the No. 2 man on the golf team, they call him Jolly Bob. But along with his youthful air he has a solid and powerful golf swing. (He finished ninth in this year's NCAA tournament, yet the coaches spotted something in his swing; many called him the No. 1 college golfer.)

When the tension increases Murphy smokes harder, and the 14th hole on the last day ranked as a three-cigar job. He kept lighting them and throwing them away in the course of making a bogey. He finished fairly steadily and was standing on the edge of the 18th green as Dickson bogeyed 17. When Dickson bogeyed 18 as well, Murphy pulled happily on cigar No. 10, victor over Dickson by a stroke and Sanudo by two.

It may have been the heat and it may have been the stroke play, but never has a U.S. Amateur had so many rule infractions. There was, of course, Dickson, whose extra wedge obviously cost him the championship. On Wednesday Gene Dahlbender of Atlanta, an ex-pro playing in his tenth Amateur Championship, hit a seven-iron off the tee to the 11th green. He showed Ray Terry, with whom he was paired, what club he had used. This violated the rule that forbids a competitor in stroke play from giving advice, so Dahlbender got a two-stroke penalty.

The ruling that caused the most mirth involved Bob Sanders of Amarillo, Texas. His ball was among some rocks in a hazard. Just as Gus Benedict, the USGA president, was driving up in his golf cart, Sanders tossed one of the rocks out of the hazard. "Are you planning to play that ball?" Benedict asked.

"Yes, sir," Sanders replied cheerfully. "Well, then, add two to your score," said Benedict, driving on.

Mark Hopkins, the fine young Texas golfer who played on this year's Walker Cup team, ran into an unusual double penalty of three strokes. He had hit a shot so deeply into a sand trap that he decided it was unplayable. He lifted the ball and dropped it for a one-stroke penalty. The trouble was he dropped it outside the bunker. That cost two more strokes. Then there was the shot by Bob Douma of Tulsa that caromed off a tree

and struck his own bag. Add on a couple of strokes. Michael Bonallack, the British Amateur champion, played somebody else's ball. Again: two strokes.

On the relatively safe terrain of the putting green there were troubles, too. Bill Campbell called a penalty on himself when the wind blew his ball as he was about to putt. And early in the first round Mike Good of Huntington, W. Va., patted his ball to within three feet of a hole, marked it with a coin and patted it up. "What are you doing?" an official asked him.

"Positioning my ball," Good answered.

"Two-stroke penalty," said the official. This happened because in order to speed up play at the Amateur the USGA was experimenting with two new rules. One required a player to putt continuously until he holed out unless this involved standing in the line of a fellow competitor's putt. The other stated that a ball could be lifted only once for cleaning on the putting green. Because Good said he lifted his ball to position it, he violated the second rule. The changes, incidentally, speeded up play considerably.

Even though the Dickson penalty may have cast an even-so-slight shadow over Murphy's victory, there is no faulting the stolid, unflappable golf of the new champion—or his unsophisticated rural charm. Although Brooklyn-born, he now hails from Nichols, Fla., which, as he puts it, is "in the heart of the phosphate country. We all live in these little old shanties, so you can't say exactly how many people are in Nichols, but maybe 75."

Murphy's father is a low-handicap golfer, but football and baseball were Robert Jr.'s high school sports. A shoulder separation ended those careers, so, as a Florida physical-education major, he tried golf in his freshman year. "My first semester I averaged about 85 or 86 wearing sneakers and playing with an old set of clubs a man gave me," he says. "For Christmas my dad got me some golf shoes, and next semester I averaged 78.5." He has kept improving.

Not since 1911 has a player won the U.S. Amateur on his first try, but Murphy took the achievement in stride. He even predicted it. Eating a sandwich in the clubhouse after his first-round 73 on Wednesday, he was overheard drawing, "Ah'm gonna win this here tournament." Once again amateur golf has come up with an interesting champion. The pros will be glad to get him. **END**

# THEY LOVE HERMAN AND WILLIE

Riding a 14-game winning streak, the San Francisco Giants ripped open the tight National League race. The prime movers were an all but unknown manager and the best player in the game **by JACK MANN**

Happiness is a four-and-a-half-game lead. Happiness is having Willie Mays on your side. Happiness is the San Francisco Giants, who are about to hoist a bartered pennant into the winds of Candlestick Park because they made two pointless trades early in the season.

Well, not completely pointless. While the only good reason for making a trade is to get something better than you had, professional baseball more often trades for two not-so-good reasons: 1) the team is looking so bad—as the Giants were last May—that any exchange of personnel may placate the restless natives by persuading them that the management is trying, and 2) even a bad trade can be good if it unloads a player with an undesirably high salary. You can tell when an executive knows he has made a bad trade, because he calls it a "change."

The "change" the Giants made with the Chicago Cubs last May would have been justifiable on the balance sheet simply because it sent away Harvey Kuenn and Ed Bailey, both of whom had enough time in grade to command impressive salaries and neither of whom was much help. The change was especially desirable to a management which was facing the fact that it was about to pay the postoperative Orlando Cepeda around \$50,000 for not playing.

In exchange, the Giants took Dick Bertell, because catchers nowadays are hard to find, and Len Gabrielson, a serious young man who had not been taken seriously as a hitter either in Milwaukee or in Chicago. They did not make the change to get Gabrielson, who, since joining the Giants, has hit just 10 points less than Mays.

Similarly, the cosmos was unshaken when the Giants gave up on Jose Pagan and sent him to Pittsburgh for Dick Schofield, a lifetime .239 hitter who never inspired a sonnet to his glove work at shortstop. "He won't embarrass you," the man from San Francisco was saying in Milwaukee last Saturday afternoon. "He doesn't have much range to his right, or his left either. But he doesn't miss the ball straight at him." The praise, so faint as to be almost inaudible, had hardly blended with the quiet of County Stadium when the Braves' Frank Thomas hit a ground ball through the left side of the infield, past the third baseman. When it got to the grass Schofield was there, backhanding it. The ball threatened to run up his wrist, but he somehow got it to his bare hand and flapped it, like a scrambling quarterback. The

GRUFF, PORTLY AND BALDING, ROOKIE MANAGER HERMAN FRANKS HAS GAINED THE RESPECT OF STARS LIKE JUAN MARICHAL (RIGHT)



throw got to first base on a feeble pop. But it got there before Thomas.

Thus happiness was Ron Herbel, a well-established six-inning pitcher, throwing seven all-but-perfect innings past the Braves' karate attack leaving the Giants in a situation where .500 baseball on their part would oblige either the Dodgers or the Reds to play at a near .800 pace to catch them.

Happiness also was Herbel, a 1-for-43 hitter, somehow batting in two runs. And Rookie Frank Linzy coming to the aid of Herbel last Saturday with his necessarily low sinker pitch, throwing it disastrously high and having Pinch Hitter Mack Jones line it into an inning-ending double play.

But mostly happiness was Giant Manager Herman Franks, touring the dressing room in his customary postgame uniform (cap on, pants off), acting like the terrible-tempered Mr. Bang and making everybody love him. So laugh, but if baseball players ever loved a manager the Giants love Herman Franks.

"I used to hit them," Franks said, interrupting Tom Haller's press conference, "the way McCovey hits them." Haller's home run had dropped into the second row in right, Willie McCovey's

cleared the bleachers (Franks hit three home runs in 403 big-league at-bats).

"You," Franks said to Cepeda, "are halfway up my hate list. You're in trouble." Cepeda crooked his finger and led the manager to the scale. "Two thirty-five," Franks said. Two twenty-five, the scale said. "You'd look good at 195," Franks said. Cepeda walked away with a smile.

"You can communicate with him," McCovey said.

"There's no nonsense from him," said Schofield. "He plays you as long as he can, and then he just tells you you're not playing. He's not a con man."

"He has faith in the players' ability," said Warren Spahn, the venerable pitcher who was picked up by the Giants in still another what-can-we-lose transaction. "He runs a happy house here. What can I tell you? Maybe that other stuff is overrated."

That other stuff is the public-relations aspect of managing a big-league team. Generally a manager paid \$40,000 a year is paid \$30,000 for managing and \$10,000 for answering reporters' questions and furnishing them with angles for their stories. All managers make some conscious effort to "get along" with the

press, and the less secure of them go to some lengths to curry favor, the better to look good when the team looks bad. The New York Mets are looking for a new manager to succeed Casey Stengel, whose principal talent was the employment of "my writers" as an instrument of his art. Interim manager Wes Westrum, a pro who has quickly demonstrated his acumen as a strategist, has little chance for the job, because the front office is seeking not a person, but a personality—a "color" man who can make a bad team seem interesting to the press, as well as to the undiscriminating "new breed" fans.

Franks, possibly because his business interests in and around Salt Lake City make him financially independent, does not electioneer. Indeed, most of his colloquy with reporters this year has seemed like a study in ways to lose friends and alienate people.

Sample:

"Who are you going to pitch tomorrow, Herman?"

"Now, what the hell would you want to ask a goddam question like that for?"

End of interview.

"I know it's part of my job to talk to you guys," Franks says, "but I don't

*continued*

MORE SERIOUS AFTER 14 SEASONS, RAYS STILL ENJOYS BYPLAY WITH HIS FIRST MANAGER, LEO DUROCHER, NOW A TV ANNOUNCER



feel that I have to kiss your feet. With the number of people I have to deal with, I don't have the time to get to know each of them individually. It's up to them to get to know me. All I know is that the people who take the time to get to know me like me."

Franks doesn't use the Stengetian expression "my writers," but he admits to being parochial in his dealings with the

press. "My responsibility is to the San Francisco people," he says. "I make sure they know everything they need to know." He made sure before he began managing. During the winter he would call San Francisco newspapermen for briefings or bull sessions. They like him.

Much more important, so do the players. "You have to remember," says Schotfeld, "that he took over a situa-

tion. I wasn't here, so I don't know how bad it really was. All I know is that I haven't noticed any *eliques* since I've been here. I go out to eat with my roomies. I don't go with Mays, but not because I don't like him. I figure he's got things he wants to do."

It wasn't really that bad. Much of the alleged factionalism on the Giants was a reflection of the presumptions of *Absin Dark*, who attended Louisiana State University and believes that Negroes are superior athletes because "they have different muscles."

Dark did Franks a favor last year when he made Mays, whose muscles are different from everybody else's, the captain of the team. This mature, 34-year-old Willie is helping to run the team in more ways than Franks knows or Mays will admit. Willie likes Franks as a manager and, despite the necessary distractions of greatness, he is as happy as any member of the happy house. But Herman could walk across Salt Lake and still not replace Leo Durocher, the first manager Willie ever had and the only one who ever gave him what he needed—at the only time he ever needed anything. This is a far different kind of Willie—and he keeps emphasizing that fact—from the kid who came to the Polo Grounds in 1951 without a care in the world.

"I was only 20," Mays says now. "They didn't understand me."

Everybody matures, more or less, but the maturation of Mays in the past few years is striking. He was asked if he knew in what period it occurred. He didn't. "But you could ask Leo," he said. "He would know."

There is one clue. When Mays came into Shea Stadium in New York for the first time on May 29, 1964, he came as the captain.

"Because he's the team's leader," Dark explained that night. "I wanted to make him the captain in 1962." But he didn't. "I didn't think he was ready," Dark said, "or that baseball was ready." The national pastime, in other words, was not prepared for a Negro captain? "You can interpret that any way you want to," Dark said.

Now Mays is ready for almost anything. There is a saying in baseball that you never fully appreciate a man's merits, or demerits, until you play on the same team with him, day after day. Spahn is currently finding a new appre-

*continued*

A SERIOUS WILLIE SITS THOUGHTFULLY BY THE BAT TRACK BEFORE A NIGHT GAME





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clation of Willie Mays. He has known him since he served him his first home run—and first big-league hit—an May 1951.

"He's always been great," Spahn said, "but what he did in Houston really impressed me." The Giants were losing 5-3, when Mays came to bat with two out and a runner at first in the ninth. With right-hander Claude Raymond pitching, the count went to 3 and 2 and Willie fouled off four pitches. "He got a little piece of each one," Spahn said, "and then he creamed one."

It was a home run, and the Giants won in the 10th 7-5. "What impressed me," Spahn said, "was the way he went for the home run each time. A guy might settle for a base hit, but he was trying to tie it up. One of the fouls was a foul home run, a real screamer. The way he did it makes me wonder how good he could be if every time was a crisis. He might hit .400."

Willie Mays is thinking lately about situations. In the first 13 games of the streak he hit .315, which is a bit below his average, and slugged .722, which is a bit above everybody's average. He hit seven home runs and batted in 16 runs. And he stole two bases, one in the first game of the streak and one in the 13th, the last he played before taking a day off.

The situation was the thing. The first time he stole, he was the runner at first with two out, the classic steal situation. The second time, he was at first with one out, but the Giants led Houston only 1-0 in the fourth and Robin Roberts looked as if he would not give many more runs. That was steal No. 6 this year for a man who had once stolen 40 bases in a season.

"I couldn't steal that many now," Mays said. "I don't think I've showed up that much, but we have a different kind of ball club. With the Dodgers I might have to run, but with this team I have guys behind me who can hit it out of the park. There's no need to run."

"Besides," Mays added, "that wears you out. I want to play five or six more years."

Mays also does not snag balls in the outfield during batting practice or pick up balls at shortstop the way he used to. "I do when I feel like it," he said. Was this, like his new nonrunning policy, a program for the conservation of Willie Mays? "I didn't say that," he said. "You

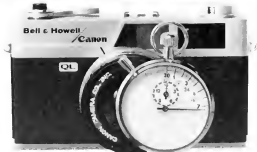
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guys ask one question and you want three answers, and whatever I say it comes out some other way. I understand. If you wrote just what I said, it would be dull."

Mays's press relations were at their best in 1957, his last year in New York. But the going-over he got the first few years in San Francisco from reporters and fans for failing to produce daily miracles gave him a new wariness that may endure the rest of his playing days.

And then? Somebody, presumably, has to be the first Negro manager. "Not for me," Willie said. "That's too tough a job. No, I wouldn't want to be a coach either. Coaches have no security."

And Willie Mays has no area of achievement outside baseball. "I want to stay in baseball," he said. "There's a lot of things I can do in baseball." Like what? "Well, what's Musial doing?" Musial is a vice-president of the Cardinals. "O.K.," Willie Mays said.

He is not yet vice-president of the Giants, but Captain Mays is doing much more than carrying the lineup card up to home plate, and much more than playing the best game of baseball that has been played since—and maybe including—DeMaggio.

"Durocher," Willie was saying, "could do a great thing. He could give confidence to young players, and that's the best thing you can do. That's the onliest thing they need."

And now Willie Mays, who studied under Durocher, is imparting confidence to the younger players. "I ain't telling



MAYS, NEVER CASUAL ABOUT DUSTERS.



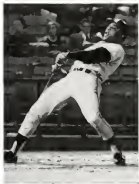
you," Mays said. "Sure, I do a lot of things for these guys. A lot of things. But they ain't going to come and talk to me if they think I'm going to brag about it. We got a lot of things going for us here, but I can't talk about them. It's a team game, and the thing is to win. No, nobody taught me that. I just always knew it."

Winning is good, even if it's tiddley-winks against your mother, but isn't there a certain satisfaction in just being Willie Mays?

"It's two ways," Mays said. "Sure, there's a lot of guys who would like to play the game the way I'm able to play it. But it's a lonely life, too. Sometimes, especially when you lose, you'd just like to be left alone, but you can't be."

You can't be, because you're Willie Mays, who, since his return from the Army in 1954, has missed as many as five games in a season, scored as few as 101 runs, made as few as 171 hits (twice), hit as few as 29 home runs (twice), batted in only 84 runs and hit as low as .296 (twice). Lows for Willie, such statistics would increase the increment and cheer the heart of almost any baseball player.

His manager knows that. When an alien reporter asked about much-publicized reports that Willie was a de facto assistant manager, Herman characteristically answered with a question: "Why don't you guys read all those stories you've been writing about him? They're all true." **END**



TWISTS HIS BODY AWAY ALMOST VIOLENTLY



## Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano

In Livorno, legend says they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them into each drop of Galliano. Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. The legend may seem very real. Look for the tall, tapered bottle. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.



It all began in a pool parlor. In the 1860s billiards became so popular that \$10,000 was offered for the invention of an inexpensive substitute for the ivory then used in billiard balls. A young printer, John Wesley Hyatt, won the prize when he produced celluloid, the first plastic, and started a test-tube revolution that, a century later, has changed the look, the safety and the performance potential of almost every game that Americans play. The extent of the change is demonstrated by the young athletes in the picture at right. The fiber-glass vaulting pole, breaker of records, may have caused the most controversy, but it is a minor revolution compared to fiber-glass boats, such as Alcort's Catfish, and such lightweight protection for the playing field as plastic shoulder pads, helmets, catcher's masks and shin guards. Almost all sails made in the U.S. and almost all team uniforms are of quick-drying nylon, Dacron or a sibling synthetic. The uniforms are not only machine-washable but light in weight—Stephani Cook is wearing a nylon tank suit that weighs about four ounces. Richard Meek photographed the colorful revolutionaries on the following pages, and Liz Smith examines their influence on American sport beginning on page 37.

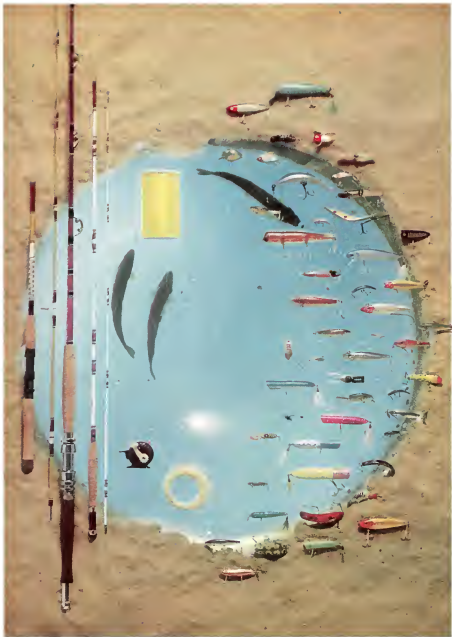
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## **ONLY THE GAME REMAINS THE SAME**

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Synthetic materials are to be found everywhere these days, from the Lucite roof of Houston's Astrodome to the vinyl grass of the Vanderbilt Athletic Club tennis court (right). The Tartan surface for tracks is not only long-wearing but gives hurdler Len Johnson more bounce.





The only elements in the pictures on these pages not transformed by sport's surge to synthetics are the trout, the ankles, the water and the sand. Fiber-glass rods, nylon lines and plastic lures now completely dominate the U.S. fishing-tackle business, and the plastics industry has its eye on golf and bowling. Shoes and bags of Corfam, "wood-less" woods, nylon putters, synthetic balls and polyethylene grass are being tested by the most product-conscious of sportsmen, the nation's golfers. Lucite bowling balls come in glowing colors, and plastic-coated pins make the satisfactory, old-fashioned clatter when a strike is scored but are designed to last longer than solid maple ones.





# SPORT MOVES INTO THE PLASTICS AGE

BY LIZ SMITH

Sarasota Outfielder Bill Melton lay unconscious, struck on his fiber-glass batting helmet by Miami Marlin Pitcher Bill Burnette's fast ball. The next night Melton hit home runs in the seventh and ninth innings, and Marlin Manager Bill Durney said, "Last night we beat his brains out; tonight he's beating out ours. If it weren't for the helmet, that guy would be in a hospital bed."

Australia's Roy Emerson walked into the shower in his nylon and Terylene tennis clothes. He soaped them down and rinsed them off before removing them in order to wash himself.

In Kansas City, Harold Ensley, who has fished at least 2,400 days out of the past 12 years, cast a nylon monofilament line so transparent that it threw no shadow. He casually removed a plastic bait from his pocket—no minnow bucket, no hands in water.

Gary Player swung his fiber-glass clubs well enough to win the U.S. Open at St. Louis, thus opening the \$210-million-a-year golf-equipment industry to a mad controversy over the merits and demerits of glass vs. steel shafts.

Off the New Jersey shore, three men in a motorboat tossed plastic fronds of seaweed overboard in an experiment to stop shore erosion and give fish sheltered feeding areas.

Outfielder Lucy asked Baseball Manager Charlie Brown in an August *Peanuts* comic strip, "How come we don't have plastic grass?" and Charlie did a slow burn as usual.

What these situations have in common is a role in a revolution that is changing the game. Almost any game. When contestants from 23 nations at the recent world championship archery contest in Sweden used fiber-glass, Dacron and plastic archery equipment, records went splat quicker than William Tell's apple. The famous (or infamous, depending on whether one is a revolutionary or a conservative) fiber-glass vaulting poles have marked their course with shattered world records. Swimming records tumble even faster, thanks to the four-ounce nylon suit that has replaced the old pound and a half of wet wool. The list seems endless.

It would, in fact, be easier to tell of the few sports and leisure activities left uninvaded by fiber-glass-reinforced plastics, acrylics, celluloseacs, nylon, phenolics, vinyls, amino plastics and those famous poly sisters—ethylene, styrene, ester and vinyl-chloride. The crack of hickory on horsehide, the creak of good leather, the flap of canvas, the ping of taut gut, the snap of pigskin are the traditional sounds of sport, but synthetics are ringing fast changes and the traditionalists are, naturally, horrified. Snorts one reactionary at the New York Yacht Club, "I simply don't think that synthetic items age as handsomely as natural things like wood and leather." A few fishermen, up to their hip boots in the rising tide of fiber glass, will still give all for the incomparable feel of tonkin bamboo, lovingly floated down streams, tediously dried, put through an elaborate gluing process and cared for fragily ever after. Badminton Brahmins shake their heads, recalling the good old days when a shuttlecock sometimes lasted for only one serve but was "a true bird."

These purists, however, are fighting a losing battle. In some sports, synthetics have made inroads of up to 80% or 90%. Boating experienced its boom precisely because synthetics placed easy-to-care-for, all-but-indestructible fiber-glass boats, Dacron sails and plastic water gear within the reach of a new group of Americans—those millions with approximately 4,000 free hours a year for fun and games. Sixty-five million pounds, 20% of the overall volume, of fiber glass were sold to pleasure-boat manufacturers in 1964.

The advantages of fiber glass as a boat-building material are almost endless. Besides being impervious to rot and the other afflictions of wood, it has opened the door to variations and refinements of design and manufacture either impossible or prohibitively expensive with other materials.

Ocean Racer Bruce Kirby says Dacron changed sailmaking "from 90% art and 10% science to 10% art and 90% science." According to Kirby, racers discovered that Dacron would stretch but would also return to its original shape.

Skier Sunny Bippus tests a practice slope made of plastic bristles. Her shiny parka is vinyl, her ski pants are stretch nylon and her poles are fiber glass. Her skis and boots are molded of epoxy fiber glass.

continued



Certair's racing car, with body of Borg-Warner's Cyclocar, is tested by Forbes Howard

"The result has been a degree of sail control undreamed of a few years ago."

Surfing, or at least today's unprecedented popularity, was created by the new lightweight boards so easily handled by men, women and children. The urethane-foam surfboard weighs 30 pounds, 80 pounds less than the big wooden boards of Duke Kahanamoku's day.

The fiber-glass vaulting pole, which spread the heat and light of its controversy over other track and field events, was not track's only synthetic innovation. Padded lightweight hurdles and featherweight track shoes, regulation batons of plastic, plastic-coated shoes and discs are all a part of every school's equipment. There are also new synthetic tracks and courts of Tartan and Neo-Turf that give a faster, surer, more uniform surface, require no maintenance, resist dirt and scars and have equal resilience in all temperatures. Placed indoors under synthetic domes, these artificial floors are producing a new generation of athletes who can train in all seasons, undeterred by mud, sleet and snow. Tartan tracks are also being used for horse racing and trotting.

Warm in their neoprene wet suits, hundreds of otherwise nonherbic citizens are taking up scuba and skin diving.

"The wet suit has turned sissies into tigers," says Diver Lamar Boren.

Thanks to synthetics, today's football players are wearing five pounds less armor. Synthetics do not absorb moisture and are used in hip and thigh pads, shoulder pads, cleats and uniforms. As University of Pittsburgh Trainer Howard Waite avows, "Football players love all this new equipment, and it gives them great confidence."

Only the protective football helmet, which takes a continuous pounding and is hard to fit, has turned out to be the Frankenstein's monster of synthetics. Many professionals argue that, more than any other factor, it has changed the nature of the game. While some say it reduces injuries, others argue that it causes them. Boston Sporting Goods Dealer John (Bucky) Warren points out: "Many of the plastic innovations in equipment have led to the use of other pieces of equipment. Football went for the plastic helmet because it was light. But what happened? Suddenly there was a rash of facial injuries. To guard against this, the face mask was devised." Now some equipment managers, such as Stanford's Jake Irwin, advocate letting football be more like Rugby. "Those guys wear no protective equipment," says Irwin. "Know why? Be-

cause the other team wears none either."

When the equipment-makers of a sport turn to synthetics, you can be fairly sure one reason is that they have discovered enough potential for sales to warrant expensive testing and manufacture. This explains why many "prestige" sports have held out against synthetics. The horse world, for instance, is still associated with a moneyed upper class and does not have enough consumers to attract synthetics manufacturers to any great degree.

If you walk into a conservative but well-known horse supplier, such as M. J. Knoud on New York's Madison Avenue, the delicious smell of good expensive leather definitely produces an ambience of one-upmanship to shopping. Owner David Wright claims, "People like the flexibility and adjustability of leather and canvas. There is a certain feel to leather you can't get in any other substance. You know that a saddle will shape to your own knee pocket if you use it often. There is nothing like leather on leather." However, some members of the horse world are testing plastic products right now, unbeknown to themselves. Numbers of saddles made of Du Pont's Corfam are being used by riders who think they are sitting on real leather. Corfam is also gaining popular acceptance in golf shoes. The synthetic leather is apparently unaffected by moisture, weighs up to a third less than leather, keeps its luster or nap with a wipe of a damp cloth, retains its flexible shape throughout the life of the shoe and does not have to be broken in. Bowling, track and ski footwear is also being made up in Corfam.

The U.S. Volleyball Association teams still prefer leather for tournaments because, according to a USVBA official, "the synthetic rubber ball, O.K. for playgrounds, stings your hand." Many football teams use synthetic rubber for practice but hang onto the pigskin for actual play ("Our backs are used to leather and that's the way it's going to stay," says a coach in the Philadelphia area). In Australia former Davis Cup Tennis Star Adrian Panst considers man-made materials an intrusion. "Synthetics do not give the feel of timber to hands. Ash frames of tennis rackets, the persimmon-headed golf clubs and the willow of cricket bats respond better in an artist's grip than materials from a bottle."

Just as the Oath of the Tennis Court



signaled the start of the French Revolution, it may have been an oath over inferior sporting equipment heard on some tennis court or other playing field that began the synthetics race after World War II. The scarcity of traditional materials encouraged the accelerated release of the new man-made synthetics from their laboratory test tubes. Basically, a synthetic is any material that is either partially or completely made from chemicals. Lawrence Lessing summed it up in a *Fortune* article: "Nylon was the first wholly synthetic fiber, hit upon when Du Pont discovered that certain novel chemicals could be linked together in long-chain molecules that simulated the structure of natural fibers without exactly duplicating them—a basic discovery from which has flowed all the variety of synthetic fibers to date."

The companies in the U.S. manufacturing the bulk of synthetics that go into sporting goods spend a lot of time in never-ending patent protests and invention squabbles with one another. As a result, they usually give their synthetic brainchildren a variety of unpronounceable, pseudoscientific or elided names. Dow makes Ethafoam, which is expanded polyethylene and goes into everything from water-ski belts to kickboards. There are 16 to 18 inches of Ethafoam around the top of the right-field wall at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field to protect accident-prone Roberto Clemente when the Pirate outfielder leaps for a fly.

Owens-Corning Fiberglas dominates the glass-fiber field almost to the point of owning it, and fiber glass has spun out its filaments everywhere into the world of sports. Entire boat docks and marinas are being made from it. Guns, plastic shells, synthetic ski slopes, neoprene skin-diving suits and waterproof ground covers originate in Du Pont's test tubes. (The ground covers are so light that two men can uncover a playing field by winding the cloth onto an aluminum drum instead of calling out the volunteer fire department for help.) Allied Chemical is busy with colorful nylon golf-club heads, and myriad other companies create plastic snow, steam cabinets, aerial gondolas and all kinds of balls. Baseballs remain inviolate. They are still made of horsehide, hand-sewn.

If that last fact fills you with secret joy, you are merely one of the many who long for the good old days. There are those who, yearning for the wooden tranquility of the Booth Tarkington era, still distrust synthetics, and plastic in particular. Parents have been furious since World War II because plastic toys break so easily. But, as one manufacturer says, "in the good applications the consumer doesn't even recognize the synthetic. It's only when it breaks that he says, 'Sure, plastic, whadya expect?'" The tidal wave of synthetics is not to be rolled back. For one thing, nature's own supplies are exhaustible. By 1983 the demand for leather will have outstripped supply

by 30%. At that time we will be thankful for synthetic leathers.

Nowhere is the synthetic revolution apt to have a more lasting or telling impact on the shape of things to come and the economic future than in current efforts to break automotive manufacture out of the hard, fast clutch of the steel furnace and into the synthetic mold. The only really well-known fiber-glass car bodies to date are Corvette's Sting Ray, Studebaker's Avanti, and the classic Thunderbird tonneau. But now the newly recreated Cord is coming on the market with a synthetic body made of Royalex plastic from the U.S. Rubber Co. Borg-Warner's Marbon Chemical Division is making both car buffs and economists sit up and take notice with a breakthrough in auto fabrication by its hand-made ABS thermoplastic racing car. It is cast in about half an hour in two complete pieces of Cyclocac—the same material used in telephones—at a much lower cost than steel. Since Borg-Warner is not interested in going into the car-manufacturing business, it may safely be assumed that it has discovered, like Du Pont and Dow and Owens-Corning and all the rest of the titans of the test tube, that sport is the most favorable showcase for its product and that acceptance on the playing field will one day change "synthetic" from a word meaning "substitute" to one meaning "superior." Hand me my Corfams and my No. 1 nylon. That day is already here.

## WHAT'S WHAT IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS

The fiber-glass vaulting pole held by Buzz Congram is made by Browning Silaflex. Joseph O'Donnell wears a chest pad made by Rawlings. It is filled with resilient padding—Dow Chemical's Ethafoam. His polyethylene leg guards are by Spalding; his mask of Mobay Chemical's Merlon polycarbonate is made by MacGregor.

The Jayfren tennis net is of nylon with vinyl tapes. The court is of Neo-Turf, a vinyl grass made by American Biltrite Rubber Co. The all-weather, slip-resistant runway is made of Three M's Tartan, a compound of synthetic resins. Quarterback George Furey's shoulder pads are of plastic, backed by vinyl foam. His shoes have cleats of Merlon. Both the shoes and the pads are made by John T. Riddell, Inc. The helmet is of Cyclocac by MacGregor. Stephani Cook wears a tank suit of nylon, made by White Stag Speedo. The hull of the Alcott catamaran is fiber glass; the sail is Dacron.

On the second color page the fishing line of Du Pont's nylon monofilament is fluorescent yellow. Gudebrod makes the nylon fly line. The reel, made by the L & S Bait Co., will not corrode—it is made of Lexan, G.E.'s polycarbonate. The fishing rods are all of fiber glass. The trolling rod is made by Browning Silaflex, the white fly rod by Shakespeare and the yellow spinning rod by Seinnmaster. The lures from Aion, Creek Chub, Heddon, Helm, L & S Bait, and Phillips are plastic.

The golf ball by Lander Products is of a Phillips Petroleum synthetic elastomer and is cut-proof. The practice mat is of polyethylene grass by the O'Sullivan Rubber Corp. The heads of the putters and the "woods" are made of nylon. Nyloncraft, the maker, gives each club head a lifetime guarantee. The golfer's shoes by Johnston & Mur-

phy and bag are made of Du Pont Corfam.

The bowling balls are made of Du Pont Lucite. Wondercraft makes them in seven colors. The AMF pins are of maple sealed with a shell of woven nylon.

In the photograph facing page 37, plastic bristles form a practice ski slope. It is made by S. A. Felton. The boots worn by Sunny Bippus are molded of Scotchply. Three M's epoxy fiber glass, by Rosemount. Unlike leather versions, the boots will not stretch. Northland's new ski, like the boot, is made of Scotchply, but it is molded around a core of hickory and ash. The bottoms are soled with P-Tex, a plastic wax that lasts as long as the ski. The Cortina ski poles have fiber-glass shafts.

The sports car on page 38 is designed by Dunn Denver and made of Cyclocac. The fiber-glass helmet and plastic shield worn by Driver Forbes Howard are made by Bell-Torpes. His coveralls are woven of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Beta fabric. **END**

## FOOTBALL'S WEEK

The college game got off to one of its most bizarre starts last week. Purdue won a game shortened by intense heat. Texas Tech won another shortened by threatening tornadoes. Air Force and Wyoming played their game to the end—in snow. Even where the weather was clement, there were surprises—including a trend toward high scoring and fancy passing. And the old crash of upsets claimed USC, tied by Minnesota, and—most astonishing—Alabama, tripped by Georgia and a questionable touchdown play (right).



1

It was the last game in the long, historic series between Alabama and Georgia, a game being discontinued because of the old Bear Bryant-Wally Butts-Saturday *Evening Post* controversy of 1963. Fittingly enough, when all of the excitement was over in Athens, Ga. last Saturday there was another controversy that Alabama and Bryant will not soon forget. With just two minutes remaining in the game and heavily favored Alabama clinging to a 17-10 lead, only recently earned, the Bulldogs pulled off a succession of miracles—and seemingly a piece of sleight of hand—that left 41,500 spectators in utter shock. Georgia thumbed back into the pages of football's razzle-dazzle days and spun off a 73-yard pass-lateral-run play for a touchdown, then went for a two-point conversion try and made it, and one of the nation's mightiest teams fell 18-17 in the very first full week of college play.

With just 3:14 left the climax unfolded in genuinely dramatic fashion. Alabama drove behind Quarterback Steve Sloan for 74 yards and a go-ahead touchdown that looked as secure as Bryant's job. And in that moment Sloan, despite a skittery start, appeared to merit the words Bryant had spoken of him earlier. Said Bear, "He's the best quarterback I've coached." That meant he was better

than \$400,000 Joe Namath, among others. But, if Sloan were that good, the question was soon to arise as to the worth of Georgia sophomore Kirby Moore.

On the first play after the kickoff Moore, from his own 27, threw a pass out to End Pat Hodgson on the 35. Hodgson caught the ball and flipped a lateral to Halfback Bob Taylor almost in the same motion. He moved so fast that no official was able to detect what a sequence camera later showed—Hodgson's knee on the ground while he had possession of the ball. The play should have been dead on the 35. Instead, Taylor raced untouched down the sideline for the touchdown. A place kick would have tied Alabama and most Georgians would have been delirious at that prospect. But not Coach Vince Dooley, a 33-year-old former Auburn assistant who guided Georgia to a surprising 7-3-1 record last year. Dooley wanted all or nothing. So on the conversion try the Bulldogs lined up in their customary wing T, and Moore calmly tossed a pass into the end zone where Hodgson—him again—grabbed it as Bryant and the usually fierce Alabama defenders stood appalled at the brazenness of it all.

Dooley later credited the pass-lateral-run play to Georgia Tech. "Four years

ago Tech used it on us when I was at Auburn, and I thank them very much. We practiced it for two weeks, but I thought it would be 1980 before I'd have the nerve to call it in a game."

Bryant tried to warn his loyal followers during the week that Alabama might have trouble, but Bryant is always cautious, and no one was really prepared to believe him. While Bear had been happy with Sloan, he insisted this was his worst team in eight years—too young, too light (the defensive line averaged under 200) and poor in its workouts.

Early in the game Alabama looked almost as bad as Bryant had said it could be. Georgia got off to a 10-0 lead on a field goal and a 55-yard intercepted pass for a touchdown by Tackle George Patton, but Alabama managed to fight back on the strength of typical Tide stunts—a couple of fumble recoveries deep in Georgia territory. It was to Steve Sloan's credit, and Alabama's, that the team could rally for the drive and late touchdown that would have won on any normal afternoon.

But nothing was normal last week in Athens, except Bear Bryant's first reaction on seeing the play that may have cost him the national championship. "The officials," he said without rancor, "are paid to make the call."



2



3



4

The controversial 73-yard forward pass-lateral pass-and-run play that shocked Alabama into an 18-17 upset unravels in the above sequence. Georgia Quarterback Kirby Moore passes (1) to End Pat Hodgson (2). Hodgson's knee touches the ground as he makes the catch (3) and, in a quick reflex, he laterals (4) past defender Frank Canterbury to Halfback Bob Taylor (5). Taylor, in the clear, takes the lateral and begins his sprint (6) to the touchdown that, deservedly or otherwise, defeated Alabama.



5



6

CONTINUED



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## THE SOUTH

1. FLORIDA (1-0)  
2. KENTUCKY (1-0) 3. ALABAMA (0-1)

The new look of LSU's offense last week was penalties—lots of them for illegal shifting. Coach Charley McClendon's Tigers performed fell back on the old reliable defense to stave off Texas A&M 10-0. The difference between the two: Doug Moreau's 46-yard field goal and a blocked punt.

If LSU was unimpressive against one Southeast opponent, two other Deep South teams were mortally embarrassed by SWC teams. BAYLOR's Terry Southall passed Auburn dizzy for a 14-8 upset. And poor SMU, which won only one game a year ago, journeyed to Miami and upset the Hurricanes 7-3. Quarterback Mac White, recuperated from last season's injuries, scored, and the SMU defense chased three Miami quarterbacks amid a chorus of local boos.

Army opened away from home for the first time in 76 years—and should not have. TENNESSEE discovered a passer in Charlie Fulton, who threw for two touchdowns at the 21-0 victory. Powerful MICHIGAN had troubles, too, but it survived North Carolina and 86° heat to win 31-24, as Halfback Jim Detweiler got two touchdowns before he rejured a knee and was benched.

GEORGIA TECH needed a 78-yard punt return by sophomore Jimmy Brown to get away with a disappointing 10-10 tie with *Georgia Tech*. Bob Kerr's passes earned Vanderbilt the tie in the second half. OLE MISS looked as Ole Miss should against Memphis State, shaking off an 0-7 deficit to win 34-14.

Aside from the Georgia-Alabama game, the next most important battle in the South was waged at Charlottesville, Va. where ODU capitalized on two breaks to defeat Virginia 21-7.

## THE EAST

1. PENN STATE (0-0)  
2. SYRACUSE (1-0) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (1-0)

Late last Friday afternoon SYRACUSE Coach Ben Schwartzwalder was toying with Xs and Os in a Bowie, Md. coffee shop. "Navy deploys all over the lot and likes to throw the football," he explained. "They'll try to get five quick receivers out against you, and there is just no way you can cover them with an Oke or loose six. Your linemen can't get to them fast enough. So, we'll go after Navy with a 5-3." Next day, in Navy's searing (90°) Memorial Stadium, Schwartzwalder's strategy proved refreshingly correct. Just as he figured, the Middies threw the ball—21 times, in fact. But Syracuse deep defenders Charley Brown, Terry Roe and George Fair and linebacker Roger Smith covered Navy's "quick receivers" so well that they picked off five passes. On defense, Navy stunted, looped, gapped and

blitzed, always keying on Floyd Little, the Orange's splendid halfback, and generally forgetting Quarterback Ted Holman. Holman rolled out six yards for a touchdown in the second quarter, then picked up a bobbed snap, found he was too late to ride Fullback Ron Oyer off tackle and, instead, slipped through the open middle and ran 10 yards for another score in the last period. That gave Syracuse the game 14-6.

OUTCORN had a couple of surprises ready for Pitt. The first was a straight T with ends split out. The second was Tom Trovato, a slick junior college transfer who came in to quarterback the Webfoots in the second half and almost immediately took them in for two touchdowns. He passed eight yards to sophomore Scott Cress for one score, then pitched out to Cress, who ran six yards, to put Oregon ahead 17-7. Even so, Pitt nearly won. Halfback Bob Dyer's pass to Mitch Zalmansky and two-point pitch to Eric Crabtree got the Panthers up to 17-15, but an end-zone interception stopped the Panthers with five minutes to go.

One thing BOSTON COLLEGE's clever Coach Jim Miller likes to do is hit an unsuspecting opponent with an early bomb. Against Buffalo, on the very first play, Quarterback Ed Foley threw a 38-yard pass to sophomore Paul Della Villa, and pretty soon the Eagles had a touchdown. After that, bigger BC rode herd on the Bulls, winning 18-6. Villanova *Rockets*. Sophomore Jim Hauser ran 15 yards, Bob Buchs kicked a 27-yard field goal and Toledo won 9-7.

COLGATE overwhelmed Lafayette 40-0 but Massachusetts was upset by MAINE 10-8.

## THE MIDWEST

1. NEBRASKA (1-0) 2. NOTRE DAME (1-0) 3. MICHIGAN (1-0)

If anyone needs to be convinced that NEBRASKA is No. 1, speak to TCU's Abe Martin. The Huskers made him a believer when they shucked off his Frogs 34-14. Quarterback Bob Church and Spin End Freeman White, who teamed up for two touchdown passes, were the most persuasive Nebraskans, but there were others, such as Halfback Ron Kirkland and little Fullback Frankie Solich, who ran for 137 yards. "Until I see someone better," said Martin, "Nebraska deserves its rating."

Before Missouri met KENTUCKY, Coach Don Devine predicted, "We're going to have to scratch for every inch we get." Unfortunately, the Tigers missed a couple of important inches in the fourth quarter when Halfback Johnny Roland fumbled going into the end zone. Earlier, Kentucky's Rick Norton threw a 36-yard touchdown pass to Halfback Larry Seiple and that gave the Wildcats a 7-0 victory.

It was a fine opening day for some Big *continued*

Ed Martin, thoroughbred horse breeder and civil engineer, seen here on his Santa Ynez Farms in Santa Barbara County, California



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### FOOTBALL'S WEEK

Ten teams. **PURDUE** lit into Miami of Ohio with Bob Griese's good passing and shelled the Redskins 38-0. **MICHIGAN STATE's** Hawaiian imports, sophomore Fullback Bob Apisa and barefoot kicker Dick Kenney, defeated UCLA for the Spartans 13-3. **MINNESOTA** got off to a good start under new Coach John Pont, beating Kansas State 19-7.

But there were Big Ten casualties, too. **ILLINOIS**, leading **OREGON STATE** 10-6 with three minutes to go, lost 12-10 when sophomore Clayton Calhoun caught Paul Brothers' deflected pass in the end zone. **WASH-**

### THE BEST

**BACK OF THE WEEK:** Texas Western sophomore Quarterback Billy Stevens hit 21 of 35 passes for 590 yards, breaking Jerry Rheing's NCAA record. Three went for touchdowns in a 61-15 win over North Texas State.

**LINEMAN OF THE WEEK:** Jimmy Keyes, Ole Miss sophomore middle guard, personally outscored Memphis State 16-14. He kicked two field goals, four extra points and intercepted a State pass for a 36-yard touchdown run.

**INGTON STATE** beat Iowa 7-0 on Tom Roth's 20-yard pass to Rich Sheron in the first minute. Northwestern was no match for strong **FLORIDA**. Quarterback Steve Sparrier passed for one touchdown and scored another as the Gators won 24-14. And **COLORADO** held **WISCONSIN** to a scoreless tie.

**BOWLING GREEN**, the Mid-American favorite, needed time to get going against Los Angeles State, but won finally 21-0.

### THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS (14-0) 2. ARKANSAS (1-0) 3. BAYLOR (1-0)

Hurricane Beisy, in charing the **TENAS-TULANE** game out of New Orleans and into Austin, at least spared most Green Wave rooters the unhappy sight of their heroes being trampled. Led by Linebacker Tommy Nobis, the Longhorns held Tulane to a mere 18 yards rushing, while a mob of accomplished players—Quarterback Mary Krzytnik, Fullback Tom Stockton and sophomore Halfback Linus Baer were the most effective—rang up four touchdowns as Texas won 31-0.

Kansas was luckier than Tulane. It suffered at the hands of Texas Tech for only three quarters. Tom Wilson had passed the Jayhawks silly. Donny Anderson had run them ragged and Tech was leading 26-7 with 14:04 to go in the fourth quarter, when tornado-warning sirens began to wail and the public-address announcer told everyone to take cover. Kansas Coach Jack Mitchell knew when he had had enough and asked the officials to call the game. They did. *Happened*

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pely the tornado missed Lubbock, and the only wreck left was Kansas.

ARKANSAS, it was said, had a quarterback problem. It does not any longer. Jon Bittenum stepped in against Oklahoma State to relieve Coach Frank Broyles of that little annoyance. He completed nine passes for 100 yards and one score, ran eight and 15 yards for two more and contributed a crushing downfield block to help Wayback Harry Jones get away on a 50-yard touchdown dash. With that kind of help, the Hogs beat State 28-14.

MISSISSIPPI STATE, unawed by Houston's Astrodome, decorated its dressing room wall with a sign that read, "We are the Bulldogs. Let's show them we are the eighth wonder of the world." Then, while the rains splattered down on the bubble top, Marcus Rhodes, a 9.5 sprinter, ran a punt back 89 yards, and State went on to rout Houston 36-0. "I've never had a clearer path to glory," said Rhodes modestly.

For a while Louisiana Tech's Billy Laird had a run, he is slow. He completed 16 of 23 passes, and the Ooils were finding it hard to get the ball. But they managed to score in the second quarter and again in the last seconds to beat the stubborn Bulldogs 14-0.

## THE WEST

1. USC (40-0-1) 2. STANFORD (1-0) 3. WASHINGTON (1-0)

Right from the start it was USC's Mike Garrett against MINNESOTA's John Hankinson—the classic runner against the superb passer—in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum. Garrett ran, darted, dodged and squirmed for 146 yards, caught four passes and scored twice. Hankinson completed 17 passes for 203 yards and one touchdown and ran the ball over twice himself. The result: a 20-20 tie. "When you see a better one than Garrett," said Minnesota's Murray Warmath, "you've seen something." USC's Johnny McKay was high on Hankinson, too. "We rushed him with four men, we shot blockers, we did everything," he said.

Once NOTRE DAME got going against California, it was like trying to round up a herd of buffalo with Shetland ponies. Heir-so Quarterback Bill Zloch did not even try to imitate John Huarte, but instead ran for two touchdowns. Neck Eddy and Bill Wolski slashed the embattled Cal line brutally. Neck Rasmus intercepted three passes and returned a kick 65 yards, and the big Irish linemen stopped everybody. Notre Dame won 48-6 and looked almost good enough to be national champions. But Cal's Ray Wilsey did not see it quite that way. "Notre Dame is not that good," he fumed. "We just played bad."

STANFORD had an easy time with San Jose State, drubbing the Spartans 26-6 as Quarterback Dave Lewis threw two touchdowns

*continued*

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## FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

passes. But Washington, a notoriously slow starter, almost did not make it past Idaho Quarterback Ted Hulla's 26-yard pass to End Dave Williams with 2:41 to go barely bailed out the somnolent Huskies 14-9.

It is now clear that any other team in the Western AC with title aspirations will have to beat Wyoming. Despite 10 inches of snow on the plains of Laramie and the 30° temperature, the Cowboys were as hot as a prairie fire against Air Force. Passing sparingly, they turned loose Quarterbacks Tom Wilkinson and Rick Egloff and a horde of other spectacular runners against the Falcons and whipped them 31-14.

ARIZONA gave signs that it could be the team to challenge Wyoming. The Wildcats, behind Utah 9-0 at half time, suddenly came alive. They turned a 19-yard pass interception by Woods King, a safety and a 60-yard drive into a 16-9 victory.

MORRIS HYMAN

## The 15 hardest picks

**NOTRE DAME OVER PURDUE** But Grise's good passing will worry the Irish.

**INDIANA OVER NORTHWESTERN** Indiana is better organized under new Coach John Pont.

**MISOURI OVER OKLAHOMA STATE** The tough Cowboys, however, will not yield easily.

**ARIZONA OVER KANSAS** Arizona's youngsters have matured in a hurry.

**KENTUCKY OVER MISSISSIPPI** Kentucky's go-go game will be too much for Ole Miss.

**TENNESSEE OVER AUBURN** The eager Vols are quite ready for Auburn's tough defense.

**FLORIDA OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE** The Gators are loaded with talent. State has less.

**PENN STATE OVER MICHIGAN STATE** The Lions have a knack for beating Big Ten teams.

**BYRONIA OVER MIAMI OHLA** Syracuse has more muscle in the right places.

**OKLAHOMA OVER PITTS** There are just too many Sooners for Pat's skinny forces.

**BOSTON COLLEGE OVER VILLANOVA** BC is bigger and faster in the line.

**ARKANSAS OVER TULSA** Tulsa's game is passing, but the Hogs have better runners.

**WASHINGTON OVER BAYLOR** The Husky defense is more exciting than Baylor's offense.

**IOWA OVER OREGON STATE** With better support, Snook will outdo State's Brothers.

**OREGON OVER UTAH** Both teams like to play on the ground. Oregon is better at it.

**LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS**  
3 RIGHT, 7 WRONG, 2 TIES

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In her Oscar-winning performance in *The Miracle Worker*, **Patty Duke** played a girl who was both blind and deaf. She gets a far better break in her new movie, *Billy*, playing a girl so physically sound she can beat all the boys on her high school track team. Of course, 13-year-old **Patty (below)** had some off-camera help. **Rafer Johnson**, 1960 Olympic decathlon champion, coached her and even her dog *Clown* and Executive Producer **Peter Lawford** joined in the workouts. Co-star **Jim Backus** merely cheered them on.

The **Baltimore Bullets'** training camp roster includes a man who probably has the shortest law enforcement career on record. Reserve Center **Bob Ferry** was vacationing at Wildwood, N.J. before camp opened and decided one day to take a stroll. "I walked out of the hotel and everybody was hustling to the beach," he said. "I followed the crowd to see what's up and it looks like a riot getting started. This guy taps me on the shoulder and says, 'Who are you with?' 'Nobody right now,' I told him. So he puts a club in my hand and says, 'Come on and help me. I'm making you a deputy.' Next thing I know I'm on the outskirts of the crowd, holding this stick and wondering how I

got involved in this, when a policeman fires three shots in the air. Then everybody took off and I wasn't a deputy anymore."

Runner **Michel Jazy**, holder of three world middle-distance records, was clocked at 50 mph going through Niort, France—in an automobile. He will have to appear in court to answer speeding charges. Lamented **Jazy**, "It is the first time I've been criticized for going too fast."

Among the 150 golfers at the 65th National Amateur Championship in Tulsa was an old familiar name—**Bobby Jones**. It was not the golfing immortal, of course, but his son, **Robert Tyre Jones III**, who was competing. Jones, JR, is a soft-drink distributor in Pittsfield, Mass., and he only plays on weekends. Even so, he manages to shoot in the mid-70s. Usually. At Tulsa, after a shaky first-round 79, Jones shot a disastrous 91, thereby missing the cut and proving conclusively that he is no chip off the old block.

The American lady was on her way into the Air Force post exchange in Madrid to buy some golf balls when a guard barred her because she was wearing slacks. Was she a newly arrived service wife unaware of the ap-

parel rules designed to protect Spanish sensibilities? Not at all. She was ex-fashion editor **Robin Duke**, wife of U.S. Ambassador to Spain **Angier Biddle Duke**, former Chief of Protocol.

**Juan Marichal** and **John Roseboro** apparently are not the only ones stirred up by the intense National League pennant race. Witness this letter to **Lovelorn Columnist Abigail Van Buren**: "Last night we had two couples in for dinner. One man brought a transistor radio, tuned to the baseball game. When I announced dinner, he brought the radio to the dinner table with him, and it blasted away all during dinner. After dinner we played cards, and he kept that thing alongside him. Is this to be condoned, even in the age of casual manners? Hurt Hostess."

Visitors to France's picturesque gambling town, **Divonne-les-Bains**, have a new place in which to spend their francs—a race-track just opened by **Baron Elie de Rothschild**. Horse racing is nothing new for the Rothschilds, who for many years have been leaders of the sport in France. Entered in the first Grand Prix de Divonne were Thoroughbreds from the stables of Elie's two cousins, the **Barons Guy and Edmond de Rothschild**.

Politicians competing against each other with shotguns would seem to be a dangerous idea, but only clay pigeons suffered serious wounds at the annual Southern Governors' Conference skeet shooting contest at Sea Island, Ga. **John Connally** of Texas successfully defended his title by blasting 22 clay pigeons, one more than **Oklahoma's Henry Bellmon**. Oh yes, there was almost one human casualty. **Charles L. Terry Jr.** of Delaware came within an inch of sitting on a lighted cigar, which **Alabama's George Wallace** had left on a bench while taking his shoes.

"We were a little uncomfortable and felt a little silly at being lost," said the 67-year-old New Hampshire lady who had been missing with a companion for 24 hours on a routine hike up a 3,500-foot slope in Maine. **Miriam O'Brien Underhill**, one of the nation's foremost female mountain climbers who in 1929 scaled the Matterhorn without a guide, explained that she had strayed from the trail and had been forced to find her way back following a stream.

Fans who went to see seven past heroes inducted into the National Professional Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio got a bonus—an in-person view of **Jane Russell**, who was there with her husband **Bob Waterfield**, ex-quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams and one of those honored. With them were two of their children, **Tracy**, 14, and **Buck**, 9, but a third, 15-year-old **Tommy**, was left home. "He's a football player," said **Miss Russell**, "and his coach didn't want him to miss practice."

The question is: Is southern California ready for the Stengels? **Edna Stengel**, for a switch, will be the one to put the answer to a test when she appears at her swimming pool in a full-fledged bikini. Perhaps the shock won't be all that bad, since, as **Edna** puts it, "You see, we have this high board fence."





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## Olds' seven-year secret: a racy front drive

A top Le Mans racing driver and car connoisseur tests the Toronado—the first postwar American car with front-wheel drive—and finds it the best-cornering and most stable big domestic model in his experience

A long ago as 1958 there were rumors that General Motors' Oldsmobile Division was coming out with something new and startling. The rumors persisted, and last year unauthorized leaks made it clear that the essential novelty of the car was front-wheel drive; it was to be the first American front-drive car since the coffin-nosed Cord of the 1930s. As a buff and a driver of all sorts of cars—racing cars, sports cars, passenger cars large and small—I am always intrigued when Detroit tries something new, and I found the front-drive idea especially interesting. While Europe has its front-drive Citroëns, Panhard's, Lancias, Minis, DKWs and SAABs, all but a tiny fraction of modern U.S. auto production has consisted of cars with front-mounted engines driving the rear wheels (the only exception being the rear-

engined Corvair, introduced in 1959).

When I went out to Michigan recently to see and test-drive the new Olds, which is called Toronado and which is being introduced this week, I was prepared for anything, for I had heard conflicting stories about it.

From Olds engineers I learned first of all that the project was indeed begun back in 1958. GM corporate brass took a hard look at it in 1964 and flashed the production green light. There were times of anxiety as the years passed—one Olds official called it the "never-never car"—but there were also some lighter moments. Open-road testing was done with the Toronado chassis camouflaged by a Riviera body shell. One day in a western city two Olds engineers had the car up on the grease rack of a garage. The mechanic ducked under it with his

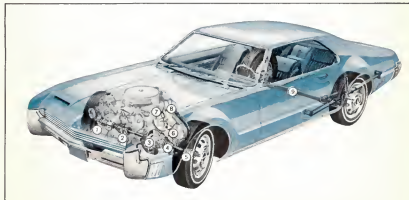
grease gun, the story goes, and when he could not find a drive shaft or differential he peered out at one of his visitors and said, "Misser, I don't know how to tell you this, but you've got yourself some real trouble here."

On seeing the car myself, in its own coachwork, I felt that it was the first postwar American car with a look of having been designed by one person and not a committee. Severe restraints must have been applied to keep someone from piling on surplus chrome and gadgets. Comparisons will be made with other cars; there is a touch of Riviera in front and a hint of Ferrari GTO in the back, but to me the design is sound and all of a piece. This is a big, racy-looking car—an American with a slight foreign accent. With its 4,496 pounds and six-passenger seating capacity the Torona-

*continued*

Cutaway view of the Toronado's essentials reveals constant-velocity universal joints (Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5), a planetary differential (3), Turbo Hydra-Matic gearbox section of the transmission (6), transmission

torque converter (7) between crankshaft power takeoff and chain drive (8) to transmission, U-channel solid rear axle (9). The absence of conventional transmission hump and drive-shaft tunnel is readily apparent.



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### AUTOMOBILES

do is not, of course, a sports car, yet there is a sporting aura about it.

As Ford did with its well-timed Mustang introduction, Oldsmobile has the Toronado aimed in a specific sales direction. Priced at about \$4,500—the company has not yet announced a firm figure—the target obviously is the Thunderbird, not the Mustang, class. Market experts estimate that there are 350,000 moderately well-heeled customers each year who will be attracted by something different.

Unlike most U.S. cars, which can be ordered from a wide array of power and styling options, the Toronado is introduced in one basic model only—a six-passenger hardtop sedan. There will be no convertibles, at least in this first model year.

All Toronados come with a 425-cubic-inch, 385-horsepower engine, all with automatic transmission, power steering and power brakes. Options left to the buyer are interior design and exterior color (a choice of 15 shades) and such items as power seats and windows.

But it is the front-drive setup, of course, that is of paramount interest. It is a completely new design—not a copy of any other—and here is how it works: Oldsmobile has placed the big V-8 in a conventional fore-and-aft position, slightly to the right of center. The Turbo Hydra-Matic transmission's torque converter is attached conventionally behind the engine. But then there are some startling changes. The output segment (gearbox) has been turned around and

mounted on the left side of the engine, facing forward. A link-chain assembly transfers power from the converter across and through the transmission gears to a differential unit locked on the front of the engine. This splits the torque between the two front-drive axles, and thus the car is pulled along.

Oldsmobile's young chief engineer, John B. Beltz (he is 39), who worked out the design, insists that it is less complicated than it will appear to be at first glance to many mechanics and home tinkerers. "We have nestled the transmission right up against the crankcase," he said. "Never mind other engineering jargon. In layman's language, we have created a silky effect by using a chain drive instead of gears. We tried gears and they worked just fine, but they were too noisy. A chain is quiet; we tuned it out of the audible range, just like holding your finger against a vibrating piano wire to stop the sound."

There currently are about 13 well-known front-drive models on the world market, all taking advantage of the fact that pulling gives better traction than pushing. In the ones I have driven I would have known blindfolded that they were front-drive cars from the steering-wheel feedback. There was usually some wheel hop or slippage getting started and under heavy acceleration. (That goes for the Cord, too. I once owned one and liked its looks, but I wasn't crazy about the way it handled.) Driving the Toronado at GM's Milford Proving Ground, I was immediately im-



KUPE-EDGED FENDERS AND RACY SLANT BACK ARE STYLING FEATURES OF TORONADO

pressed by the absence of any sensation of being in a front-drive car. There was no front-drive feedback, no vibration, no hop or slip. This is precisely what the people at Olds intended, knowing that the American buying public is not used to novel engineering features and might balk at something with a sharply different feel.

I also discovered at once that the Tornado corners well. It sticks. My impression was that it handled better in turns than any big normal U.S. car I have ever driven, and the credit must go to those pulling front wheels. I had assumed, wrongly, that putting so much machinery in the front would give the car a bad weight bias—make it nose-heavy—but I learned that the weight distribution is actually a reasonable 58% front to 42% rear. There was, of course, none of the rear-wheel breakaway that you can get cornering a rear-drive car.

The Tornado struck me as being a more forgiving car than others of its bulk, that is, harder to get into trouble. For example, we all know what can happen when you try to drive onto a concrete road from the shoulder when the road is not flush with the shoulder. In a rear-drive car when the rear wheels clamp up against the edge of the road and start climbing they tend to make the car jerk and go a little out of control. This is not the case with the Tornado. On one occasion I left the proving ground's twisty handling course and took the car up a 27% grade. That's steep—comparable to one of San Fran-

cisco's hairier hills. I went over the brow of the hill under full power, lifting all four wheels off the road, and I can report that the car flies just about as well as it drives. Nothing broke when we came down, and the car did nothing vicious. Under braking there was none of the usual nose dive.

A tremendous advantage of this car over conventional ones is that it can pull up a pretty steep grade in fresh snow without snow tires. So at least I was told by the engineers—I also saw a film of the car operating in snow—and I have no reason to doubt the claim; superior traction on snow and ice is one of the best things about front-drive cars. Neither snow tires nor chains should be necessary on the Tornado except on really precipitous icy hills. Also you are spared the fishtailing of conventional cars on snow and ice. The Tornado just pulls straight ahead. The car is not sensational for acceleration; it is by no means a power-pack car like the Pontiac GTO. I would say its power performance is average for a big V-8—which means all the power the average driver wants or needs.

There are adjustable torsion bars in front and single-leaf springs at the rear, augmented with both vertical and horizontal shock absorbers. All the drive components sit directly over the front wheels—which aids stability. Wheelbase is 119 inches—slightly below average for a big U.S. car—and the overall length is an average 211 inches. There is more overhang in front than is usual, and less in the rear.

continued



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## AUTOMOBILES continued

The car's ride is excellent—surprisingly so, since the typical big V-8 is apt to give you a floating or wallowing sensation at highway speeds. To come up with a stable car but not at the expense of ride takes a lot of doing, and I think Olds has done it. Normally you expect to get a stiff ride and good cornering or a soft ride and lousy cornering. The Toronado provides a good compromise. For long trips at high speeds it will be hard to beat for comfort and stability.

I had two reservations about the car: serious brake fade under hard use and slow steering. Year in and year out these are typical failings in nearly all U.S. cars in the eyes of sports-minded drivers like me, and I am happy to see fade-free disc brakes making headway in Detroit little by little. The Toronado's drum brakes could be more fade-resistant, and should be. I am told the car's steering—three and a half turns from lock to lock—is quicker than average, and while the engineers would like to make it quicker yet for expert drivers they feel the public would need a lot of conditioning to anything like sports car quickness before it would be generally acceptable.

Design restraint has been exercised inside the car. Instruments are neatly grouped on the driver's side and there are no design distractions on the passenger side. Since there is no drive shaft there is, of course, no transmission hump or drive-shaft tunnel down the middle of the car. The flat floor will be one of the Toronado's strong selling points.

When you put six people in the conventional car those in the middle have their knees up under their chins. With the hump and tunnel eliminated, you sit normally. Another nice thing about the Toronado is the amount of rear-seat headroom. I am 6 feet 2, and I found the rear seat quite comfortable.

Beltz described the Toronado as a "contemporary American Grand Touring car." Whatever it is, I like it. It is not a car for those who must have super-fast steering, stiff springing and a seat-of-the-pants sense of the road, but it has comfort, adequate power, an attractive design, superior cornering qualities and high-speed stability for a car of its size. As a front-drive, it also offers the buyer a distinctly different and valid kind of car in a country that can well afford variety but for years has seen virtually nothing but the old front-engine, rear-drive stereotype. **END**



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## A champion turns a wrong into right

The Tournament of Champions, played in Deauville, France this summer, certainly lived up to its name. Of the 16 players who took part, all but one were recent World Championship participants. The lone exception, Sergio Montuori, who played with Walter Avarelli, has been mentioned as a likely replacement for the Judge if, as has been rumored, Avarelli retires from the Italian Blue Team next year.

The tournament was organized and the invitations issued by Mme. Nadine Ansay, long France's leading lady of bridge. She selected three pairs from France, one of which—Pierre Jais and Roger Trézel—won the tournament; three from Italy, including the second- and third-place finishers, Pietro Forquet-Benito Garozzo and Massimo D'Alleio-Camillo Pabis Tucci; one from Britain, M. Harrison-Gray with Albert Rose; and one American pair, my good friends and frequent teammates, Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, who

*Neither side vulnerable  
North dealer*

**NORTH**  
♠ K Q J  
♥ A 2  
♦ A Q 10 9  
♣ Q 9 5 4

**WEST**  
♠ 10 8 5  
♥ J 9 8 7 3  
♦ 7 6 2  
♣ K 2

**EAST**  
♠ A 9  
♥ Q 10 5  
♦ K J 8 5 3  
♣ J 6 3

**SOUTH**  
♠ 2 6 4 3 2  
♥ K 6 4  
♦ 1  
♣ A K 10 7

<b>NORTH</b>	<b>EAST</b>	<b>SOUTH</b>	<b>WEST</b>
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: heart 7

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finished in a tie for fourth with France's Pierre Ghestem-Claude Delmouly.

The scoring method somewhat resembled that which will be used in our International Team Trials, to be played in San Francisco in November. Each pair played a 20-deal match against every other pair. Each gained or lost International Match Points by a comparison of its score on every deal with the scores made at the other three tables.

As a longtime advocate of simple, natural bidding methods, I confess to a feeling of malicious satisfaction that nobody reached the best final contract of six clubs on the deal at left. None of the exponents of artificial systems was able to make a natural club bid, and only Gray and Rose, whose bidding is shown, might have reached the right contract with natural methods.

If South had traced six clubs instead of six spades at his final turn, all would have been well. North makes five trump tricks—including one heart ruff—four spade tricks, two heart tricks and one diamond trick. Rose was set one trick at six spades because he tried to make his 12th trick by finessing the queen of diamonds.

Although six clubs is obviously the better contract, let me admit that when the great Garozzo played the hand he succeeded in making six spades with some help from the opponents' bidding. When North opened one club, the conventional strength-showing bid, East overcalled with one diamond. Many experts lead low from three small cards in partner's suit, and West led the 2 of diamonds against six spades.

Garozzo planned to play East for both the king and jack of diamonds and to establish a diamond winner in dummy by taking ruffing finesse against East for those cards. He won the diamond ace and led the spade king. But before he could put his plan into action, East, Pierre Ghestem, almost tricked Benito out of the winning line by going up with the ace of spades and returning the 5 of diamonds. This brilliant play made declarer wonder whether, after all, West held the diamond king. In that case, two ruffs would establish dummy's queen. But Garozzo knew that, in Ghestem, he was dealing with a man quite capable of underleading the king, and he refused to be diverted from his original plan. He discarded instead of ruffing, and so made his slam—as the Italians have a habit of doing, even when they get into the wrong contract.

END



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## True test for a world title

Tom Rolfe joins three other top colts for the Arc at Longchamp

If U.S. Ambassador to Ireland Raymond Guest were shopping around for the toughest race in the world in which to close out the career of his 3-year-old champion, Tom Rolfe, he could hardly improve on the choice of France's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, the up-and-down mile-and-a-half classic on the turf of Longchamp next Sunday, October 3. Guest admits that sending any horse to Paris, even the far better than average Tom Rolfe, is like stepping up to the plate with a two-strike count. "And I couldn't have picked a tougher year," he reflected last week, during a lull in a hasty visit to the States.

As he sipped a mixture of champagne and orange juice (which he calls a Bucks Fizz because it is served at London's Bucks Club) and paced the floor of his New York apartment, the Ambassador ticked off on the fingers of one large hand the leading contenders in the Arc field: "You've got the winner of the Epsom Derby, Sea Bird, who might be a really great colt. You have the Irish Derby winner, Meadow Court, and the French Derby winner, Reliance. And against them all you've got my little fella, winner of the American [not the Kentucky] Derby."

This might well turn out to be one of the best Arc fields of all time. An astonishing and pleasing aspect is that all four of these top colts have American blood. Tom Rolfe is by Italy's Robot but out of a Roman mare, Reliance is a grandson of Relic, and Sea Bird and Meadow Court are grandsons of Native Dancer and Tom Fool, respectively.

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Guest added a typically sporting viewpoint: "No matter what happens to my little fella, I believe that international racing is feasible. I'm on the International Committee of The Jockey Club, and it's my duty to do something about it, especially if I happen to have the best horse."

Tom Rolfe may indeed be the best horse ever sent from here on this rugged assignment. At the Arc distance he certainly looks to be a closer thing than Career Boy, who finished fourth in 1956, or Carry Back, who was 10th in 1962. Last week, in winning the American Derby at Arlington Park, he set a track record of 2:00 1/4 for the mile-and-a-quarter. The two most encouraging aspects of that fine performance (his ninth win in 12 starts this year, incidentally) were that he showed he could make the pace if necessary and, as Bill Shoemaker put it afterward, "He was so hard to pull up; in fact, he ran faster for a half mile after passing the wire than for the half mile before it." Rarely has Shoe, who will be making his first riding trip to the Continent, been so high on any horse.

Trainer Frank Whiteley, who is not eager to tackle the Europeans on their grounds and under their conditions, would keep both himself and Tom Rolfe at home, if the choice were his. "He's done practically everything we've asked him to do so far," he said at Belmont recently. "Maybe we shouldn't be squeezing this lemon dry." This week, nonetheless, Whiteley, a groom, an exercise boy, a blacksmith and a special watchman, plus all necessary straw, hay, oats, water and odds and ends of equipment, will accompany Tom Rolfe on the flight to Paris. Shoemaker, in the week before the Arc, is scheduled to have at least three mounts over the main course at Longchamp, which means he should become familiar with the disconcerting hill on a sharp right bend that leads to the three-eighths-mile run for home. Tom Rolfe, says Guest, "will be cantered up and down it until he knows every foot of the course, and I expect that he'll cover the last mile at a good, fast clip at least once during his week there before the race."

Going to the plate with two strikes against you is no more prudent in horse-racing than in baseball. Guest says, however, "We may not win, but Tom Rolfe, who is all heart, will be there, and we should all have some fun."

END

**Some guys have it. Some guys never will.**

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**Diamonds.** These will be closed sets which form a decreasing sequence.

**1st Diamond.** Let  $n$  be the neck of width 1 about the line segment  $[0,1]$ . Put

**2nd Diamond.** The set  $\mathcal{D}_1$  on  $\mathcal{D}_1 \cap \mathcal{L}_1$  (a necklace) is a countable collection of segments, each of which contains finitely many containing links. Let  $\mathcal{L}_1$  be the set of links on  $\mathcal{L}_1$ , containing a link on  $\mathcal{L}_1$ , containing a link on  $\mathcal{L}_1$ , containing a link on  $\mathcal{L}_1$ . Then  $\mathcal{D}_2$  is the set of segments, each of which contains finitely many containing links. Then  $\mathcal{D}_2$  is the set of segments, each of which contains finitely many containing links. Figure 4 shows the distances are



# DR. RYAN OF THE BROWNS: HOW SMART IS TOO SMART?

*Frank Ryan, Cleveland's champion quarterback, is a brain in math, but when he tried to mastermind football he tripped over his intellect. Then he stopped thinking and started winning*

BY JACK OLSEN

Frank Ryan of the Cleveland Browns goes through life wearing the Charlie Chan smile of somebody who knows something. He does. He knows how to frisk the opposition secondary on a long, down-and-out pass pattern. He knows how to run with the ball and fake the other guys out of their undergarments. He knows about geometric function theory and linear transformations, complex variables and Cauchy sequences. He knows the probabilities against hitting the case card for an inside straight (though he seldom lets the knowledge inhibit his razzle-dazzle poker style) and how to infiltrate the King's Indian defense in chess and why one kind of airfoil will create efficient lift and another will create morbid statistics.

He also knows about failure. Frank Ryan (*see cover*) spent eight years earning a Ph. D. in mathematics at Rice Institute (he blew one year trying to solve an unsolvable problem) and 15 years earning a Ph. D. in frustration on the football field. Now he stands astride the world of sport as quarterback of the NFL championship team, an eminence to which every little kid aspires, and the lesson of his life seems clear: if at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again.

Even as a child in Fort Worth, Frank Beall Ryan didn't make it. "I was never very fast or well coordinated," he recalls. "I never played any sport well. I couldn't hit in baseball. I couldn't dribble in basketball or play tennis or golf. I'm not a natural athlete. I pick up a dart and people start running." As a 5- and 6-year-old he spent a lot of his time

drawing side-view cutaway sketches of rockets and figuring out how fast a space missile would have to go to break out of the earth's gravitational pull. Somehow he bumbled into football, but he didn't become a bona fide first-stringer till his senior year of high school. At Rice he played about 20% of the time, and a burly Texan named King Hill quarterbacked the rest. On the Los Angeles Rams, Ryan was started and yanked and started and yanked with such consistent inconsistency that he finally announced for everybody to hear that he was going to quit the game if he wasn't traded. He went to the Cleveland Browns, and only in the last few years has he managed to break the pattern of failure that had been thrust upon him. "I'm still sort of amazed that I didn't quit," he says now, looking back on the arid years. An ordinary man would have.

At 29 Frank Ryan is a tall (6 feet 3), perfectly proportioned (205 pounds) specimen of a stage Texan. His eyes are blue and seem to contain somewhere behind the cornea a secret joke on the whole world. He has an Ipana smile and a soft chuckle and, when you get to know him, an infectious little-boy manner. His thick hair is receding at two points, giving a slightly satanic twist to his otherwise pleasant features, and it is as gray as it is black; the result, he says, of too many third-and-10 situations. When he is not blurring signals like a Parris Island drill sergeant, he speaks just above audibility in a sort of refined Texas accent. He says "hunny tams" for "many times" and his first-person pronoun

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is still "ah": to him, this is the month of "Sipتمبر" and he was born in "Joo-lah" 1936. On the other hand, he does not refer to Mexicans as "Messicans" or shrimp as "s'rump," so it is not instantaneously obvious that he is a big old Texas. He prefers to speak in the abstract, as befits a theoretical mathematician whose Ph. D. dissertation bears, by his own admission, not the slightest application to practicality (title: *A Characterization of the Set of Asymptotic Values of a Function Holomorphic in the Unit Disc*). He likes to avoid clichés and has declared war on one particular bromide that bedevils him whenever he picks up a newspaper and reads about himself. "I relish a little bit of individuality," he says, "but sportswriters make such a big unnecessary do about the combination of mathematics and football, the so-called associated intellect. The combination is a little bit unusual, but people tend to exaggerate the unusual in it. Then they say that I'm a genius and all this sort of stuff; it's easy to say. Sportswriters have groped every time they've been confronted with me for something out of the ordinary that I'm not sure exists."

To hear Ryan tell it, the connection between his mathematical bent and his quarterbacking knack is all but nonexistent. "It's absolutely false to pursue any sort of notion that football and mathematics are related. The thing is, the world outside has no conception of what higher mathematics is about. The heart and soul of modern mathematics is very abstract symbolism. People think mathematicians are concerned with numbers, and they're not at all. Advanced mathematics is unrelated in a casual way to anything else, including football."

But if Ryan expects sportswriters to take him at his word and stop bugging him with questions about the relationship between his mathematics and his football, he doesn't know his sportswriters, including this one. The images are too delicious to resist: Dr. Frank Ryan, star quarterback and acknowledged genius in geometric function theory, strides out on the field, his head crammed with equations, and by astute vector analysis and the law of inverse squares he calculates that he can beat Dick Lynch of the New York Giants on a flag pattern. Poor Lynch stumbles over Newton's first law of motion, just as the wise Dr. Ryan had known he would, and Cleveland Flanker Gary Collins, utilizing the coefficients of friction of his hands and the leather ellipsoid, grabs the pass and stumbles across the goal line to score the square root of 36, the cube root of 216, the logarithm of . . .

Lately Ryan has taken to fending off questions on his mathematics, not rudely but forcefully. "Don't try to read my dissertation," he told me. "You won't understand a word of it." He was wrong. I understood the dedication: "TO MY WIFE JOAN." When Ryan tells his biographers to lay off trying to understand the math, he is only trying to be kind. Once Mickey Herskowitz of *The Houston Post* asked Ryan to sum up his doctoral paper. Ryan scribbled a note:

"It concerns a set of complex numbers which arises as limit values of a certain type holomorphic of function defined in the unit disc when the independent variable is restricted to an arc which tends to the boundary."

Herskowitz said, "Thanks a lot, that certainly is simple enough," and walked off blinking his eyes. To spare writers such traumas, Ryan now tries to duck the subject. And there are other reasons for ducking. One is that the constant emphasis on his cloud-nine mathematics and his Ph. D. and his IQ tends to characterize him as a freak, something he definitely is not. A quarterback has to have a rapport with his fellow players both off and on the field, and Ryan seems to make a constant effort to be just another one of the boys who graduated with a C minus in physics or mort sci. "He does a lot of horsing around and jollyin' around," says a Cleveland sportswriter, "and this is for the benefit of the other players, to offset the genius tag he's had put on him. He wants to be considered a regular fellow. He tries to go out with the guys and be one of them; he does a little drinking with them, but I don't think he's too crazy about it. And it's all complicated by the second-string quarterback, Jim Ninowski. Nino's a naturally outgoing guy; I think Frank likes people just as much as Nino, but Nino shows it easier. Frank's a little introverted and shy, and it takes a while to get to know him."

Ryan's public image as an egghead disturbs him partially because he doesn't think of himself as overly bright and partially because he is getting publicity that he thinks should be going to the genuine geniuses in the mathematics department at Rice, a tough school that is to the Southwest as MIT is to the East and Cal Tech to the West. Says his wife Joan, a pretty blonde who is the mother of three boys by trade and a newspaper columnist by avocation: "Frank is in daily contact at Rice with men who are authentic geniuses, men who finished college in two years and wrote textbooks for his classes, men of his own age. It embarrasses Frank that he gets publicity about his scholastic accomplishments when these people don't."

"The press has overemphasized my intelligence," Ryan says. A case in point is his chess-playing. He used to keep eight or 10 games going through the mails, a feat that any normal 7-year-old could bring off with no difficulty. But his biographers persisted in treating his chess as a grand intellectual accomplishment. "They think there's something special about playing chess by mail, like playing the piano blindfolded," Ryan says. "Now it's coming back to haunt me, because I'm getting challenges from all over the country. The champion of the sixth grade in some place in Minnesota wants to play me. Trouble is, he probably would beat me. One time in the dressing room after a game in Los Angeles, I came this man from San Bernardino. He'd been playing me through the mails, and he came in and plunked down our unfinished game in front of me. We finished it right there, and he won. Now that I think about it, I was in a bad position anyway."

There was a time, in the distant past, when Frank Ryan,

boy failure, used to run out on the football field trying to exploit the last erg of his IQ of 155, a process that often resulted in his tripping over his own intellect. As Cleveland Coach Blanton Collier, no stumblebrain himself, put the matter, "He used to overthink himself." Collier finally told Ryan: "Frank, every time you try to mastermind a situation you fail more often than not." This sent Ryan into one of his long, patented huddles with the medulla oblongata, his cerebral cortex and his cerebellum and produced a new approach. Ryan explains: "A few years ago I'd get so wrapped up in strategy that when I got to the line of scrimmage I hadn't yet switched from the play-calling to the mechanics. What's important is turning off the mental aspect and turning on the mechanical aspect. When I'm going over the films during the week I'm thinking very hard, because I want to be able to have the proper intuition during the game. Play-calling is a matter of intuition. Studying the films requires extreme concentration. It's like working on my dissertation. When I'm writing down the facts and trying to prove the theorem I work very hard, but when I've got to rattle off my result it's easy, there it is. That's the way it is during the football week. I work very hard to weed out all the superfluous stuff and get to the heart of the matter, so that my intuition is attuned to the heart of the matter when I play the game. When I get in the game, if I try to mastermind I mess up every time. It's got to be done in advance. On the field I've reduced the importance of being a mastermind more or less to calling a play and getting out there and reacting the right way. It's more instinct, experience, reflex than it is masterminding. I still analyze the defense, but then I rely on my intuition. And also I get a lot of suggestions from my teammates, and I almost always follow them.

"Of course, you've got to go by down and situation, but that only patterns how my intuitions go. Like if it's a running situation I don't think: Should we run inside or outside or off tackle or should we use a trap or whatnot? I just—*pop!* It comes like that.

"I used to put too much responsibility on my own shoulders, and I wasn't relaxed. I used to think that football was much more complicated than it is. There are so many defenses and so many ways you can run this play and hit the defensive weakness. If you let it all overwhelm you it becomes a big blur. Somewhere along the line it just occurred to me that I shouldn't concern myself so much with getting it just so, that I should make snap judgments and carry them through. More often than not, football is luck. You can study the defense and call a play that you think'll kill 'em, and all of a sudden they put on a line slant that squashes the play. It occurred to me that a lot of the success or failure depended upon the luck of the situation. My insight was that I shouldn't be tormented or worried or lose sleep over calling exactly the right play because there was such a tremendous variable of luck in it that I couldn't hope to be right every time. So I've become more relaxed, and when people are more relaxed they do better.

"Now I push this feeling even further. It's so nebulous, but I've got a feeling that I could take practically any pass pattern with three ends going down and a back flaring—that gives me four receivers—and I feel I could complete it every time against any defense. Why? Because those poor defensive people are just as bad off as I am. They don't know what's coming. They don't know where the exact spot is for them to break up the pass. Now when I've got four guys going downfield, that means at least four of their guys have to be in the right spot to stop the pass, so the percentage is on my side. And I feel that I can complete the pass every time. I know I won't, because mechanically I'm not that good a passer. I make mistakes. But I've got the feeling that the pass *ought* to be completed."

Ryan laughs at the popular misconception that pro football players have to learn an unreasonable number of plays and formations and defenses. "It's another cliché of sportswriters to bring up: 'Well, how many plays have you got? Isn't that a tremendous burden on your mind?' Well, it isn't, because the plays are all logically interwoven and you do things over and over so many times that you never think twice about what plays you have. Knowing your own plays is the easiest part of football. I had to laugh: I was reading an article about Joe Namath commenting on the fact that he had maintained a C average in college but had not graduated, and they were trying to bring out the fact that he had a good *football* mind. This sportswriter was trying to give the public a new image of Joe Namath, because he said anybody who has to learn six or seven different formations and 50 or 60 pass patterns, individual cuts, this and that, it proves he's got a good football mind. The fact is it proves nothing. Learning plays is the easiest part of it."

The process of becoming a skilled pro quarterback, says theoretician Ryan, is nontheoretical. "Provided you have all the equipment, it's a process of being thrown into the fray and having to live or die in it. It's a process of learning, and the only way you can learn is to be out there under game conditions. You take quarterbacks like Norm Snead and Fran Tarkenton. They're lucky quarterbacks, because they were given the opportunity to play regularly much quicker than I was. They *had* to play. I didn't *have* to play till I was midway through my fifth pro season."

It seemed for the better part of two decades that Frank Ryan would never *have* to play. He was first-string for a while in the ninth grade, but he played with the scrubs in both his sophomore and junior years at Fort Worth's Paschal High School, and in his senior year, by his own evaluation, "I was the fifth best of the six quarterbacks in the conference." The All-Conference quarterback was Jim Shofner. At Rice, Ryan had his few splendid moments, but always as an understudy to King Hill who, incidentally, was one of the few people around who realized just how good his sub was. Years later, Hill was to say to a Phila-

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delphia reporter. "I owe a lot to Frank. We beat Texas A&M when A&M was No. 1 in the country. Frank took the club about 70 yards right to the goal. I'll always remember a run he made on the last play of the drive. He spun off tackle, and there was John David Crow waiting for him. Frank stiff-armed him. He really spun his neck back and ran the ball right up to the goal. Then the quarter ended. We changed units, and all I had to do was sneak the thing over for a touchdown. It set me up for All-America. I got a lot of publicity out of the game, but Frank made it possible. You just got to like a guy like that."

All through that annoying senior year at Rice, Ryan had problems. He twisted his knee in the opening game and kept retwisting it as the season went on (it still bothers him occasionally). And although he never stopped thinking of himself as a first-string quarterback, the incontrovertible fact was that he was a scrub. "The coach was right, too," Ryan says now. "I was immature and inconsistent in my play and very emotional. When we played Clemson early in the season and lost 20-7, I had gotten to play about two series of downs and I was very disgruntled, and that was the low point for me. I was very close to quitting. I can't remember now why I didn't quit, except that I was interested in getting the education."

To Ryan's own puzzlement, he was drafted in the fourth round by the Los Angeles Rams, a team that in those years

was suffering from a surfeit of owners, no one of whom got along with the others. Ryan played—or tried to play—under an astute coach, Sid Gillman, and later under a rookie coach, Bob Waterfield, both of whom were exposed to the laser beam of constant advice by the seemingly dozens of owners running around with ideas for plays like the Statue of Liberty with a triple reverse in the pike position. Ryan still grimaces and raises his voice, unRyan-like, when he discusses these years through the looking glass. "Gillman had a two-and-ten year and got the ax. Waterfield came in, and he didn't know what to do. He'd sort of been elected by public demand, and he didn't have enough coaching experience. I had a tremendous personal feeling for Waterfield that I hadn't had for any other coach. If I could have climbed mountains for him I would have. He was very fair at first. He said I was going to be his quarterback. So he started me in the preseason stuff, and I played the first half of the first exhibition game, and I played lousy. I didn't play again until four games into the league season."

"We hadn't won a league game in 14 starts, and Waterfield finally let me play, and we tied the Bears 24 all. I played the whole game. As a reward for breaking our losing streak he let me start the next week against Detroit, and I had a lucky hand that day. I threw a real nice touchdown pass to Red Phillips to begin with; then I threw



*Ryan sits for a family picture with sons Frank Jr., 7, Michael 6, and Stuart 3, and his wife Joan, who is both pretty and articulate and believes Frank should get different treatment in the press.*

a short pass to Jon Arnett, who lateraled back to me, and I ran for a touchdown. At the end of the first half I threw a real short pass for a touchdown. So we were 10 points in the lead and I'd thrown three touchdown passes in the first half, and I felt this confidence starting to come. A good quarterback's got to be sort of flippant, you know.

"In the second series of the half I threw an interception and Waterfield yanked me.

"The next week we're going to Dallas, and I thought if there's any game I really want to play in it's Dallas, 30 miles from the home town. I felt on top of the world, going back to Dallas as a starting quarterback. On the second play we flanked Red Phillips out. He goes straight down the right sideline, and I throw a ball that goes about 65 yards in the air, a perfect pass, and it's caught for a touchdown. Oh, boy, I felt great! In that first half I hit another touchdown pass to Red and we were moving real well, and we were ahead, I think, by 20 points. We start the second half, and I call a pattern that puts Jon Arnett in the open; if I hit him it's a first down. But I overthrew him, pretty badly, too. So I'm jerked! I couldn't understand this.

"I started the next week against Detroit. We went almost 80 yards, and had to kick a field goal, but we had moved the ball. Midway in the second quarter I threw a pitchout to Arnett, right in the chest, and he fumbled. It turned out that Waterfield hadn't been watching at the time; he looked and saw a ball running loose out there backwards. So he replaced me with Billy Wade. I didn't get back in till maybe three, four minutes left in the game, and we're losing 12-10, and by this time I was down flat. My first pass bounced off a defensive back's chest; it would have been an interception otherwise. The second one I threw went out in the wild blue yonder, and the third was intercepted."

Ryan capped his torturous four-year career with the Rams by sitting on the bench for the last four games of the 1961 season. After the final game he stormed into the dressing room and shouted to General Manager Elroy Hirsch that he was going to be traded or he was going to quit football. He wound up in Cleveland, where Jim Ninowski had a lock on the quarterback's job but where, at least, there was more football sanity and no front-office bickering. Ninowski broke a collarbone midway in the 1962 season, and the perennial second-stringer was in for good. To this day Ryan and his wife sit around and ponder why he was handed so quixotically by the Rams. Waterfield, as silent now as he was in his playing and coaching days, sheds no light. "All Frank lacked was experience," he says. He does not explain how Ryan was to get experience when he was hauled off the field after his mistakes. Joan Ryan, who prefers not to discuss the matter, leans to the theory that one of the squabbling owners had it in for her husband. She says, "Someday I'll meet one of those former owners drunk in a bar in Los Angeles, and I'll put on a bleached-blond wig and sink up to him and really get the truth. Who pulled the rug out from under Frank? Was it Bob Waterfield or was it one of the owners?" Joan thinks her

husband has conquered the nervousness that the Los Angeles experience brought him, "but of course he'll never get completely over it. What the Rams did to their quarterbacks it took them all a long time to get over. It's like being at sea, and when you're back on land you still think you're rocking. He'll always be a little insecure because of the Rams."

At Cleveland, Ryan came under the quick tutelage of Blanton Collier, holder of various international awards for patience, and Collier treated the confused young quarterback to a long period of agonizing reeducation. Collier has dozens of theories on football, and one of them covers a system of training based on psychocybernetics. "I've believed for years that you can break down any action into its elements and practice each element," he says. "And then when you want to perform the whole act you just pick out one element to concentrate on, to trigger your mind, to make you do those other things automatically. Now, with a passer the three things are: 1) the squaring of the shoulders and coming to balance, 2) picking out a target and 3) throwing the ball. You practice each component until you do it almost subconsciously, almost without thinking. It's using the subconscious as a computer. You feed this information into the subconscious in practice, and then the subconscious plays back what you have stored in it. Frank is sold on this. I've been fooling around with it for years; there's a book on it called *Psychocybernetics* by Maxwell Maltz. I keep it at my bedside."

One can imagine the joyous explosion of minds when the frustrated Ryan, with his scientific attitude, ran into Blanton Collier, with his psychocybernetics. "He is the first coach that ever really coached me," Ryan says enthusiastically. "He spent days with me, weeks. He taught me those three steps: setting, aiming, throwing. He taught me to pick out a small target on a receiver rather than just trying to hit a big blob out there with arms. If you're looking at a little pink dot on him then you're reducing your error. He taught me not to watch the ball. This was a bad habit I used to have, watching my wobbly passes. All of a sudden you're gonna be watching the flight of the ball before you throw and take your eyes off the target. I still tend to throw wobbly passes, but now I catch myself looking at the receiver and never seeing the ball till it gets there, which to me indicates an improvement."

Before all Brown games Collier slides alongside Ryan and tries to start him concentrating on one aspect of passing to trigger the whole set of motor responses. "At first it irritated him," Collier says. "If you'll watch us warm up before a game, you'll see me right around Frank Ryan. And I'll be trying to bring one of these elements into his mind. I'll try to say or do something to get him started. 'Pinpoint that target, Frank!' 'Drill it, Frank!' 'Right to the numbers, Frank.' Just to give him that one thought."

In Collier's book, all Ryan lacks to become one of the best of all pro quarterbacks in history is maturity. "It sounds kinda funny, at his age, to say that he needs maturity,"

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Collier says. "But you see he'd never really been a first-string quarterback before he came here. A quarterback's got to have heart, he's got to have poise, he's got to have leadership, but he's got to have opportunity. Somebody has to give him the opportunity to go in there and play regardless of what mistakes he makes. Without that he can have everything else and never develop. Now Frank's still lacking in some of that developing maturity. For example, he's said some very immature things to the newspapers that he'd have given anything to take back later."

The subject is a sore one. Either of the Ryans is prepared to expatiate for hours on the daily press. Certain members of the daily press are prepared to do the same about Frank Ryan. Part of the problem seems to be that Ryan, consistent with his training, is a precise fellow, and a reporter with a pad and a deadline in 15 minutes is not always able to be as accurate as an IBM 650. For example:

After Joe Namath signed his \$400,000 contract with the show-biz New York Jets, Ryan was quoted as saying: "I guess I'll have to ask for a raise of about \$980,000. If a fellow who hasn't even pulled on his cleats in pro ball is worth \$400,000, then I must be worth a million dollars." The remark made an interesting second lead on sports pages all over the country, and the net result was that Ryan looked like a blowhard, which is exactly what he is not. What had happened, according to the anguished Ryan, was as follows:

"This sportswriter slipped up on me and Sonny Jurgensen and two or three other players unbeknownst to us, and first of all Jurgensen said something about, 'If Namath is worth \$400,000 I guess you're gonna ask for a \$300,000 raise,' implying that I made \$100,000.

"So I said, 'No, but if Namath is worth \$400,000 then I'm worth a million and *Unitas* is worth \$10 million,' which puts a slightly different light on the quote. Then Jurgensen said, 'That means you're gonna ask for a \$900,000 raise,' still implying that I'm making \$100,000. I said, 'No, I'm gonna ask for a \$999,000 raise,' implying that I was getting \$1,000. So now it comes out in the papers, and it's got me asking for a \$980,000 raise, implying I'm making \$20,000, which puts it in a more legitimate area and makes it a more serious quote. The headlines in the Los Angeles papers were RYAN SAYS HE'S WORTH A MILLION.

"So I got on the phone and called the writer up, and I said, 'How could you write such a story?' And I got him to admit that what he did was to make a few notations on his pad and then go home and reconstruct this stuff from his memory, and then he'd put quotes around it. I told him I was thinking about suing him because he had embarrassed me so. He was nice about it, so I didn't. But this sort of thing irritates me. I think sportswriters should have a little more obligation to the people they're writing about and to the public. Sportswriting has become a very easy living; you just sit down and write anything you want. They've got to turn in copy every day, so they are inclined to do it the easiest way. I've got a very low regard for sportswriters."

Says Joan Ryan: "Frank's always mad at anybody that writes about him. He's very particular about being quoted correctly, because he goes to a lot of trouble to sit down and explain things to people." Once Ryan was asked by a reporter if the wind had been a factor in a certain football game. Ryan launched into an explanation based on Bernoulli's Principle, which has to do with the effects of winds on surfaces. The finished newspaper account of Ryan's patient explanation read, in full, as follows:

"How about the game?" someone asked.

"As you know from aerodynamics . . . it makes Bernoulli's Principle . . ." Ryan said, and laughed. The answer was one of Ryan's many pranks.

This version of the incident was nettling to Ryan, partially because he had taken pains to explain what had happened and partially because he felt he had come off in the quotes as a wise guy, something he tries not to be. Ryan is only now beginning to realize that he has a special communication problem, and not merely with the press. He is a learned man, but he is learned in a discipline that has its own jargon and nomenclature. A person trying to explain geometric function theory in terms of homeomorphisms and Riemann surfaces and Cantor subsets is going to sound a whole lot more arcane than an equally intelligent person explaining how they come of age in Samoa. "It's the old problem of trying to communicate with somebody," he says ruefully. "You can have the purest thought and you can't get your idea directly across to somebody else because you've got to use words. I've reached the point where, if I can't make my point precisely, exactly how I felt and with no way to misunderstand, then I won't try to explain a point at all." Certain individuals in the Browns' front office wish Ryan would leave it exactly at that: "They've told me not to talk to the press at all, and sometimes I think they're right." Says Joan Ryan: "I know why Frank feels the way he does and I feel the same way, except that I have more fear of the press than he does and I'm the wife and I feel more sensitive to what they write about him, and I feel that he should keep on the good side of them so they don't malign him in print. I've read many untrue and critical things about Frank. I feel that he should be polite and courteous with reporters, and he feels that he should not even acknowledge them."

One sportswriter who has written often about Ryan says: "Frank talks a little too quickly, to show what a carefree, devil-may-care guy he is, because he's always fighting that genius image. But he doesn't stop to realize what it's gonna look like in print. He doesn't realize yet that he's a star, and anything he says is gonna be printed, and he doesn't stop to think how it'll look. The quote in the newspaper doesn't show the wink in his eye or the smile on his face or the gentle nudge in the ribs to show that he's just kidding. Reporters don't always print these subtleties and that's what Frank's gonna have to learn. They're not gonna change all the techniques of journalism just to please Frank Ryan."

Whoever is in the right, Ryan *does* seem to wind up in

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## All-Time All-American

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Whoever heard of two girls shooting it out over a man just because he wears a Kuppenheimer XK suit? Ho Ho. Just because the new XK tailoring idea brings out your chest and shoulders and takes in your middle...Ha Ha... and snugs up your collar and makes you more comfortable and confident...Heh Heh... and more dashing and attractive.. Hmm. You *will* be careful, won't you?

the eye of the hurricane more often than your everyday, garden variety doctor of philosophy in mathematics. One reason is that he is a needer, and a skilled one, and another is that he is a practical joker. Once he went to his backfield coach the night before a game and swore with a straight face that he had forgotten every play in the book ("My mind's a complete blank"), while the head coach and others stood outside the door and suppressed their laughter at the shocked response ("C'mon now, Frank, you can do it! Think, Frank! Think!"). It was suspected that Ryan was the brains behind a series of late-night phone calls to members of the Browns by a man who posed as a reporter asking questions right out of *Confidential*. One summer at the Browns' training camp news photographers were invited to take all the pictures they wanted and, later, when the film was developed, picture editors discovered that No. 13, Frank Ryan, had been passing left-handed to hoax the photographers. "They could have reversed the prints and made you out to be No. 31," someone suggested later. "No, they couldn't," Ryan said in a typical outburst of accuracy. "I would have been Eli."

Two years ago the Cleveland Browns' press book noted proudly that Ryan "has rare sense of humor and is a great kisser and prankster." Ryan made them take the line out this year. "I don't like that sort of stuff," he says. "I'm not that funny. They made me sound like Bob Hope or Jack Lemmon, always funny, and I'm not. Every once in a while I get an urge to twist something or other, that's all. I'm rather dull, actually."

Frank Ryan seems to be one of those humans who are misunderstanding-prone. Sometimes, on close analysis, the fault proves to be his own, and he is quick to admit it. Whatever the case, Ryan frequently finds himself in trouble, not cops trouble or scandal trouble or danger trouble, but the kind of trouble that embarrasses. "I'm a little bit different from most people," he confesses. "In that I continually do foolish things. Maybe not blatant foolish things or public foolish things, but things that are personally embarrassing to me, whether or not they seem so to anybody else. I'm impetuous and that's what gets me in trouble a lot of the time." The hoax on the cameramen seems to be an example. "Did you really do that?" I asked Ryan, and he said, "Yeh, I did," his face coloring slightly and his voice muffled. It was plain that this was embarrassing to him. He is also chagrined over some of his public utterances about Waterfield, made in the heat of anger to the press. The easygoing Waterfield made things worse by turning the other cheek, and now Ryan can hardly stand to discuss the matter. His wife says, "When Frank got his Ph. D., Bob Waterfield sent him a telegram: CONGRATULATIONS, YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. I didn't say anything to Frank about it, but I put it under the glass on his desk and he didn't move it, so I think he liked it. That wire showed a lot of things. It showed that Waterfield is a big man, and it showed that he really did have a feeling and respect for Frank, and it also showed that he read with in-

terest about Frank." Ryan will only say: "I'd cut Waterfield down publicly several times. That wire made me feel awfully small."

But the grand alltime embarrassment of Ryan's career involved an incident in the closing seconds of last year's pro championship game in which Ryan threw three touchdown passes to Gary Collins, the Cleveland defense enjoyed its finest hour and the unbeatable Colts were humiliated 27-0. Baltimore's hulking End Gino Marchetti recalls: "There was about 27 seconds to play, and there were thousands of fans on the field. The referee came up to me and said, 'Gino, there's only 27 seconds to play. You can't win. Shall we call the game?' I told him, 'Definitely, yes.' Ryan said something like, 'You can't call the game. I've got time for two more plays.' Well, my opinion was that we were beat, really beat. I didn't think to try and rub it in was really fair, to throw a couple more passes when that was it. I didn't like Ryan's attitude. I talked too much and said I'd like to get another shot at Ryan."

Ryan, who savors accuracy even when it makes him look bad, does not disagree with Marchetti's version, although he has some additions. "That was one thing I wish hadn't happened," he says. "It was said in an emotion of elation. I wanted to throw one more pass, to John Brewer, and I was gonna make it a touchdown pass. John's a real important part of our football, and everybody else had participated real well in the game except him, and I thought, 'He might enjoy it as much as anybody else.' And those damned Colts were just tremendous loudmouths at the beginning of the game. I threw an interception early and I tackled the guy over there by the bench, and I must have had 25 Colts giving me a rundown on what was gonna happen the next time I passed. But I feel bad about what I said because now that I've thought about it I feel that I did something wrong. Part of my motivation was to throw a flag pattern to Brewer, sure, and at the same time I was up to my ears in taking their wisecracks, and also I was on a cloud, elated, hopped up. But I'm sorry I said it. Gino is a great football player, and I feel like I lost a little bit of his respect."

Just as in a movie script, Marchetti faced Ryan a few weeks later in the Pro Bowl and got the "shot" at Ryan that he had publicly asked for. Ryan came out of the pile-up with a slight shoulder separation, but a study of the game film showed that it was not Marchetti who did the damage. Now the misunderstandings that swirl about Ryan continued. Fans remembered Marchetti's vengeful threat, and the big end was subjected to public scorn. "You should see some of my fan mail," he said. "One person wrote me and said I was a disgrace to professional football and should never have been allowed to play. How about that? And I never had the reputation of being a dirty player. I never was. I played 13 years and I never played dirty. In all those years I only had a couple of penalties called against me. I didn't take any cheap shot at Ryan. I was re-

*continued*



## NOT BY GOLF ALONE

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FRANK RYAN *continued*

ting. Why would I want to do something like that? But everything reverted to my original statement that I wanted another shot at him. It got all twisted around. I've never been in so much trouble."

To worsen matters, Ryan and Marchetti had shown up in the same bar at the time of the Pro Bowl game, and a Los Angeles sportswriter, snuffing a story, tried to start them fighting. Says Marchetti: "This reporter came over to me, and he said, 'Why don't you get your shot at Ryan now?' The reporter was plastered, and I didn't pay any attention to him."

Says Ryan: "I know that sportswriter. As a human being, he's pretty low rate. He comes over to me and he says, 'You better watch out for Marchetti.' Then he talked to Marchetti. I'm surprised Gino didn't just come over there and wax me one."

Ryan feels squirmy after such unsettling experiences, but he also harnesses his own annoyance at himself and tries to apply it to good works. "Every time something like that happens I'm filled with a desire to make up for it," he says. "I find myself *having* to make up for it." This includes football, where Ryan almost invariably faults himself when the Browns play poorly. In one of this year's preseason games the Los Angeles Rams' offensive line ground Ryan to pieces, forcing him to pass inaccurately and once dumping him in the end zone for a safety. To the naked eye, it looked like a case of the L.A. line beating the Cleveland line with Ryan the innocent victim. "I had a bad day," Ryan said after the game. "That kind of pressure can be controlled by the quarterback. If I had been calling plays well, I wouldn't have had any problems from the pass rushers. If a quarterback gets caught throwing a pass, nine times out of 10 it's his own fault. In this game I should have started out running at 'em, running, running, running, to keep 'em on the line of scrimmage. And when I was throwing I should have thrown shorter, quicker passes where even if they've got one of our linemen whipped they'll never get to me. I played to their strength and to our weakness. The trouble was, I didn't think twice

about the game during the week. We spent most of the week playing poker."

Bookies have long known that the best bet in professional football is the Browns to win the week after a loss, especially after a loss where Ryan has had a conspicuously bad day. "Sometimes I don't concentrate in a ball game, and then the next week I concentrate all the harder to make up for it," he explains. Thought processes like concentration fascinate Ryan, and some of his own cerebration is so complex that it even puzzles him. He knows, for example, that sometimes he will be shaving or showering when suddenly the solution to a difficult problem will spring full-blown into his consciousness. Perhaps two seconds before he was not even aware of the problem, let alone the solution.

"Oh, he told you about that?" said his wife Joan. "That's so embarrassing."

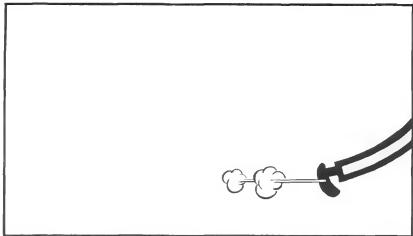
"It happens to everybody," I said. "It happens to him much more often than other people. And on any subject. Once he had one on the population explosion. He said he had a blinding insight about it. Then he started carrying *Bare New World* around with him. One day I wanted to look something up in it and it was gone. He had taken it with him like the Bible or something."

Ryan is hard-pressed to explain, even to himself, the nature of his flash insights, or epiphanies. "I get these feelings but for my life I couldn't even explain 'em or why they came or even what they're about. It's so complicated. I'm not talking about problems that consciously arise; I'm not even talking about problems. I'm talking about things. I haven't even thought about and suddenly it's all right in perspective."

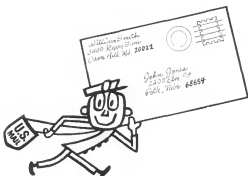
Only rarely will the phenomenon be of direct and immediate benefit. "Early in March of last year, I had been working on my [doctoral] problem for over a year and I hadn't got anywhere because there was a certain aspect of it I couldn't do. And I worried with it and worried with it and worried with it. I would worry so bad about it that I would go to sleep at night thinking about this problem. One night, early in March, the greatest thing that's ever happened to me, I lay down discouraged, maybe 12 or

*continued*

# MEET MR. ZIP



OOPS! . . . HE WAS THERE A MOMENT AGO



## SPEEDY LITTLE FELLOW, ISN'T HE?

Here's how he works. There are 34,000 post offices in the United States. No one could be expected to know the exact location of every one. So, mail often must be sorted several times . . . first by section of the country, then by state, then by different areas of the state, then by city, etc.

However, an address with ZIP Code immediately tells the mail clerk which major post office (or sectional-center) is closest to the final destination. This can eliminate several time-consuming and expensive sortings.

With fewer sortings, mail moves faster and more efficiently . . . and at less cost too. Cost and efficiency are important because the U.S. is in the midst of a mail explosion. Seventy-two billion pieces of mail will be delivered this year.

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the pleasures of the Orient continue...

On...



And on...



And on...



And on...



Wherever in the world you wish to go, chances are there's a delightful JAL hostess in kimono going there, too. Why not join her and be pampered with gracious service in the Japanese manner as you fly "amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound." See your travel agent.

**JAPAN AIR LINES**



FRANK RYAN *continues*

I o'clock, and time was running out, it's early March and I've got to have the first draft done by the first of April. And all of a sudden it occurred to me *how to do this thing*. So I popped out of bed, ran over to my office at Rice and worked the rest of the night, wrote down everything. I came back home about 7. That was the only nonabstract epiphany I ever had. All the other ones were so complicated that I'd spend the rest of my life trying to explain them."

Some day Ryan may be able to verbalize his thought processes, perhaps after he retires from pro football and begins a career in pure mathematics, which inevitably will begin with a teaching assignment. For the moment, he is somewhat tongue-tied, caught between the complexities of his own thinking and the intellectual insufficiencies of his listeners. If Ryan tries to explain his epiphanies to a typical audience of sports-writers and football players, the response is likely to be:

"Huh?"

So he shuts up and plays pranks; he needles and jokes and plays poker and sometimes oversteps himself and acts impetuously and wonders whether he has done the wrong thing and dies a thousand deaths over his public and private embarrassments. He does not seem to understand the esteem in which he is held by his peers in the NFL, an esteem that was expressed recently in typical football terms by the man Ryan thinks is angry with him: Gino Marchetti. "He's come a long way," Marchetti said. "He has more confidence than he ever did. He's taking more time before getting rid of the ball, and he's more sure of himself. He knows he's good and belongs there. He calls a good game. You can't outguess him because he doesn't type himself." Gino mused and then added:

"I was talking to him once about what he was going to do when he finished playing, and he started telling me. He's a doctor of something I don't even know how to pronounce. I listened carefully and hardly understood a word he said.

"But I'll tell you: it sure sounded interesting."

END

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The season-long vendetta between Manager Gene Mauch and Pitcher Art Mahaffey of PHILADELPHIA (3-4) reached a new crisis last week when Mahaffey said, "Everybody in the city knows he hates my guts and I hate him." Mahaffey, who won 19 games in 1962 but only two this year, insisted, "I've got to be traded," and admitted that "General managers and managers of other clubs speak to me and tell me to cool it until winter." Answered Mauch: "The poor guy goes out there worrying about me. And as soon as he pitched one bad game, he thought, 'Is that blankety-blank Mauch gonna give up on me already?'" Mahaffey reportedly will be dealt to an American League team this winter. CINCINNATI (3-3) survived, as Vada Pinson hit .452 for the week and made a startling catch to save a 2-1 win over NEW YORK (2-3). With two out and the tying and winning runs on base in the last of the ninth, Pinson fell while chasing John Stephenson's long fly but caught the ball lying on the ground. "I saw the video replay and laughed because it was so funny," said Pinson. The next day Stephenson hit two home runs to beat the Reds. Phil Niekro, a bullpen refugee, stopped SAN FRANCISCO'S (6-1) 14-game winning streak in his first start for MILWAUKEE (2-5). The Giants' Hal Lanier scored the decisive run in the rubber game of the series when he came around from first, while the Braves' Joe Torre argued with an umpire over a bunt single. Sandy Koufax of LOS ANGELES (4-2) and Bob Hendley of CHICAGO (3-2) were rematched. This time, Hendley, who had pitched a one-hitter last time, to Koufax' perfect game the previous week, beat Sandy, as Billy Williams hit a two-run

home. Koufax returned to save a win for Claude Osteen and later beat the Cardinals 1-0. His sacrifice bunt was a key factor in the Dodgers' lone score. And Don Drysdale beat the Cardinals with a two-run single as he won his 20th game. The Cubs' Ted Abernathy set a National League record with his 77th relief appearance. Manager Harry Walker of PITTSBURGH (4-3) was given a new one-year contract shortly after his Pirates lost their 17th consecutive home game to ST. LOUIS (3-3). HOUSTON (1-5) had lost 12 of 15, all to the league's top three clubs.

Standings SF 19-49 LA 28-24 CH 25-25, NY 22-28 PIT 22-27 Phil 26-22 STL 13-18, Cal 15-33, Bos 11-35, NY 48-103

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

BOSTON (4-2) now had the American League's only no-hit, no-run pitcher (Dave Morehead) to complement the league's top hitter (Carl Yastrzemski) and home-run leader (Tony Conigliaro). But the Red Sox were in ninth place. So last week, less than an hour after Morehead no-hit the Indians, they fired General Manager Mike Higgins. Immediately Dick O'Connell, the club's new overseer, set out to find a director of player personnel, preferably a "resident s.o.b.," which Owner Tom Yawkey says the club has lacked for nearly two decades. This will be the seventh successive year the Red Sox have finished in the second division, and Higgins has been either manager or general manager during this period. Bostonians, in general, applauded Higgins' departure. "I was sick in bed but jumped 10 feet in the air when I heard the news," said one. Morehead, a 23-year-old right-hander who has had control problems during his three seasons with the Red Sox, gave up only a second-inning walk to Rocky Colavito en route to his no-hitter. "And I threw only 105 pitches, which must be some sort of world's record for me," said Morehead. Two years ago in CLEVELAND (1-5) Dave had a no-hitter for seven innings, but the Indians' Fred Whitfield led off the eighth with a single. Last week in Boston, Morehead again faced Whitfield, leading off in the eighth. "What happened two years ago suddenly crossed my mind, and I was afraid Whitfield would break it up again." MINNESOTA'S (6-1) Camilo Pascual, ruled eligible for the World Series, struck out 13 and allowed only one run, while pitching nine innings for the first time since June 8th. Rookie Outfielder Ted Uhlander became the 17th Twin player to drive in a crucial run in the late innings when his eighth-inning single beat KANSAS CITY (1-4). The Athletics announced that Satchel Page

would have a registered nurse, a private waiter boy and a 150-year-old rocking chair as company near the bullpen. Dean Chance of CALIFORNIA (3-1) won his 14th game by four-hitting the Orioles. The Angels were rained out for the fourth and fifth times in their five years in Los Angeles. Their landlords, the Dodgers, have never been rained out at home. BALTIMORE (2-2) fans continued to boo the Orioles mercilessly. Reasoned Third Baseman Brooks Robinson, "I guess they're tired of waiting." What appeared to be a risky trade last fall has virtually assured eighth-place WASHINGTON (1-4) its highest finish in five seasons. Sending Third Baseman John Kennedy and 15-game-winner Claude Osteen to the Dodgers was a gamble, but the five men Washington picked up have all produced. Pete Richert's 14 wins and Phil Ortega's 12 represent 40% of the team's victories. And the once-punchless Senators owe 46% of their runs to Outfielder Frank Howard (.292, 21 HRs), Third Baseman Ken McMullen (.270, 16 HRs) and First Baseman Dick Nen (.286 during the past three weeks). Manager Al Lopez of CHICAGO (4-2) was miffed when rookie Pitchers Bruce Howard and Bob Lockery refused to play winter ball and when Pitcher Juan Pizarro agreed to play again in Puerto Rico. On Mackey Mantle Day in NEW YORK (3-2) Pitcher Joe Sparrano of DETROIT (3-3) stopped play to walk from the mound to home plate and shake hands with Mantle. Sparrano, who beat the Yankees four times this year, then got Mickey to fly to left field.

Standings Minn 26-55 Chi 27-45, Balt 23-24, Det 21-51, Cle 28-39, NY 26-36, Cal 20-50, Wash 15-45, Bos 15-57, KC 26-36

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK



DAVE MOREHEAD

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING\*

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	IP	CG	1	SO	
SF Mauchel	274	Mitchel	24	Mitchel	271
LA Koufax	307	Reid	24	Koufax	240
Chi Ellis	243	2 with	13	Malone	225
San Conigliaro	242	3 with	13	Conigliaro	185
Pit Niekro	242	2 with	13	Wade	240
Phil Buzan	264	Shurt	13	Buzan	238
STL Gibson	287	Gibson	19	Gibson	248
Chi Jackson	230	Jackson	11	Elizmer	119
New Bruce	217	Farrar	8	Bruce	123
NY Fisher	233	Fisher	9	Jackson	114

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Bos Hart	264	Groat	13	Karl	219
Chi Maden	251	Smith	7	Kenin	114
Balt Pappas	251	Pappas	8	Pappas	115
Det Lofch	217	2 with	10	Lofch	204
Cle McDowell	240	McDowell	12	McDowell	234
NY Stokamp	248	Stokamp	16	Dwain	178
Cal Newhall	239	Clancy	10	Clancy	152
Wash Ortega	128	Richie	5	Richie	143
Bos Wilson	229	2 with	8	Morehead	181
KC Tolbit	182	Sega	5	Sega	118

\*Through April 28

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BOATING.** The world championship for Lightning class boats, sailed by the Bay, Naples, was won by THOMAS G. ALLEN of Buffalo, sailing down 12, for the third straight time. The next five finishers were also U.S. boats.

**NORWAY'S CROWN PRINCE HARALD** took the U.S. 5-star championship class, from defender Eric Day of Houston, sailing from 17 in October 1971, N.Y. the Norwegian prince climbed the hills with four consecutive third-place finishes and a seventh.

Brandon brothers ANGE and FRANK SCHMIDT, 1961 and 1962 World Sprint class champions, sailed their 611 in four days of races in waters off Las Palmas in the Canary Islands to win their third straight World Sprint title after winning 25 consecutive. Richard and Anne Lowmeyer of the U.S. came in sixth in the overall standings.

**BOXING.** SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, scored a 10-0 over Bill Henderson of Patterson, N.J. in the second round of a bout in Norfolk, Va. after knocking Henderson down twice in the first and sixth of the second.

**CYCLING.** TOM SIMPSON of Great Britain set a record for the world championships for 99.773 kilometers per hour in the road race for amateurs at San Sebastian, Spain. The 1971 in the 1970-71 season set for professionals went to GILLERMO LINDANER of Spain for 74.47 kilometers per hour, also at an average speed of 71.41 kph. Frenchman RAOULIN BROTHIER took the road race for amateurs in 40:59.2 kph, while the 1971 World Sprint of Spain and Britain, Morris of Italy, who was third.

**FOOTBALL.** NFL for owners GREEN BAY PACKERS Pittsburgh 41-0 on quarterback Earl Ray's two touchdowns passes and the efforts of an alert defense, which averaged three sacks, accounted for the 41-0 victory. At Frank Ryan acquired for Pittsburgh Cleveland touchdowns in 17-7 victory over Washington on 40 yard pass to Steve Kellen and a 3-yarder to Gary Collins. BALTIMORE owners a low start during which two of Johnny Unitas' first four passes were intercepted at 50 yards and in Minnesota 15-16. Larry Moore brought his record for consecutive scoring games to 10 with a place from the end zone for the second quarter. PHILADELPHIA Tom Brown rushed for 50 yards, caught seven passes for 14-27 yards of 10 yards. Minn. Ryan threw scoring pass to Terry Brad (14 yards) and Joe Don Looney (44 yards) in DETROIT shut out Los Angeles 20-0. Superstar play by the OAKLAND 43 which held the New York offense to minus four yards in the first half, helped the Cowboys earn a 31-7 victory over the Giants, while SAN FRANCISCO knocked Chicago 73-24 in John Breiden's four touchdowns passes. It was the biggest point total for the 60 in their 16 years in the league.

**AFL.** Three teams maintained perfect records through the second week of play. Cincinnati BULL DOGS led by Jack Kemp's 20 completions in 49 plays for 240 yards, but threw 10-14. After the fullback returned from the blackout in the trade for Cecil Updegraff, caught a one-yard pass and ran 40 yards to set up a scoring play. Bossy the two by Kemp. SAN DIEGO'S Ron Green intercepted a pass on the Oakland 43 with six yards remaining in the game and returned it to the 15. Jack Hadl then threw 25 yards to Larry Albright for the score that gave the Chargers a 17-6 win. HOUSTON also made one straight by defeating Boston for the first time on league play since 1962; 10-0. George Blunda kept Don Trull winning the Oiler bench for all but three minutes as he threw three scoring passes, and Ole Buller ran 63 yards in a touchdown with 66 seconds to play. Catching on a fumble by New York's Joe Sault, Len Dawson threw the second of two TD passes to Chris Barkard to give KANSAS CITY a 14-10 victory over the Jets and a 1-1 record.

**GOLF.** A University of Florida senior, BOB MURPHY, 22, won the U.S. Amateur Championship in Tulsa with a 291 for 72 in four rounds, one stroke ahead of 21-year-old Bob Dickson of the University of Oklahoma (page 22).

JACK NICKLAUS took first-place money, \$6,680, at the Portland (Ore.) Open with four straight victory rounds to increase his season earnings to \$13,045, the most in the history of golf. Nicklaus' total surpassed Arnold Palmer's 1962 earnings by \$3,815. His rounds of 69-68-68-68-273 won 15 strokes over the par-72 Portland Golf Club course, and

the victory was his fifth on the tour this season. Phil Charlton Dave Marr finished second, three strokes behind.

With rounds of 69 and 66 JOHNNY POTTS took the Little Tournament of Golf Championships in Panama City. His 116 two strokes over the runner-up, Potts also won in 1963 but lost in a playoff last year to Tommy Bolt.

**HARNESS RACING.** Odd-one favorite SPEEDY RODNEY (5) finished the 1 1/2 miles in the \$100,000 United Nations Trot at Yonkers Raceway (1 1/2 lengths in front of Italy's Elaine Rodney, No. 10) and was third, three lengths farther back.

**HORSE RACING.** The final event of the Arlington Park season, the \$125,100 American Derby was won by TONY BLAIR (4) with a record time of 1:59.25, 2 1/2 lengths over Royal Groomer (page 27).

PARKA (5) won a \$50,000 gelding stakes by Walter Hirt, defeated runner-up Hill Run, a male, to win the \$25,000 United Nations Handicap at Arlington Park and set a coastal record of 1:34 1/2 for 1 1/2 miles.

BOLD BODDER (5) won last month's month by Mrs. H. C. Phelps to Paul Talamone, finished ahead of second-place Cornell Prime by a neck in winning the \$75,000 Jerome Handicap at Aqueduct. 3 1/2 lengths in front.

**HOKE SPORTS.** JACKIE STEWART, a Scot, driving a Hemi, won his first Formula 1 championship race, the 5th Grand Prix for the British at Silverstone, after leading on the race to last lap from Graham Hill of Great Britain. Jim Clark, the favorite, was forced out with mechanical difficulty at the 44th lap. The victory placed Stewart third in the championship ranking with 25 points. Clark has already claimed the title (14 points) while Graham Hill is second with 36 points.

**SOCCER.** INTERNATIONALS OF MILAN played Independencia of Argentina to a 0-0 tie in their second and final game in Buenos Aires and went on to enter world club championship play on total goals. The Milan had beaten the South American 3-0 the week before in Milan.

**TENNIS.** The dazzling service of ARTHUR ASHE and night-vision standard play by Australia's Ken, 2 miles, Fred Stolle, combined to give Ashe a 6-0 victory in the final of the Colonial National Invitation tournament in Fort Worth. The 22-year-old Davis Cup player, who was overjoyed in the sound of the top four took every one of his four singles matches in men's play. In the doubles, Ashe paired with Hans Kicken to beat Stolle and Ray Emerson 3-6, 14-12, 6-4.

**TRACK & FIELD.** A strong team from the U.S.R. won five of the 20 events in competition for the first European Track Cup and beat out West Germany for the team title. The U.S.R. won 15 of 20 at Stuttgart's Neckar Stadium. Rudolf Brundin third with 16 points, followed by East Germany, which was hampered by an injury to its distance star, Michael Jary.

At the Western European Cup championships in Kassel, Germany a week later, TAMARA PRIBS of the Soviet Union broke her own women's world steeplechase record by 1 1/2 inches with a time of 6:01.

**WRESTLING.** ANNOUNCED A world heavyweight championship fight between MUHAMMAD ALI (formerly Cassius Clay) and FLOYD (formerly Rakhit) PATTERSON to be held November 22 in Las Vegas Convention Center. The NBA version of the championship will be held in Toronto a few weeks earlier between Ernie Tonnell and George Chirolo.

**BASEBALL.** By the St. Louis Cardinals of the NFL in an NFL season, ROBERT RAY, the former NFL star quarterback, who quit the team after the Pittsburgh Steelers two days after the same game, was named to the St. Louis Cardinals.

**MARRIED.** BILLIE JEAN MOTTEFF, 21, the second-ranked American women tennis player, is Larry Williams King, 20, a California State College tennis player, in Long Beach, Calif.

**LOST.** To the Detroit Pistons of the NBA, the services of 7-foot Center RIGGIE HARMING, who was suspended by the league after his arrest by the Detroit police in a raid on an after-hours club.

**SALE.** The Los Angeles Lakers of the NBA to JACK KENT COBB, 37, of Denver. His cost, \$5,715,000 by Robert Stein of Minneapolis, from whom the Lakers were bought in 1966.

# FACES IN THE CROWD



**MARION COAKES, 18,** a Hampshire, England horseman, became the youngest world champion ever in show jumping when he rode his pony, Sniffer, to the Ladies' World Championship at Hickstead, Sussex, beating America's Kathy Kinsner by two points.



**ED RICHARDS,** an insurance salesman from Brookline, Mass., won the first, epic and arduous at the International Fencing Tournament in Montreal. He lost one bout in each of the first three rounds, then took the fence-offs 5-4 in foil, 5-4 in epee and 5-3 in saber.



**SUE PETERSEN, 11,** of Sacramento, who was the first girl 10 years old or under ever to break a minute in the 100-yard freestyle, set an American record for senior women in the 200-yard freestyle at a meet at Hamilton Air Force Base, Calif., with a time of 2:02.7.



**ARTHUR DANIEL JR.,** skipper of the City of Crystal, an oyster dredger on Chesapeake Bay, beat his sturdy work boat 10 victory in the annual Labor Day race for shacks on the waters of Tanager Sound off Deal Island, Md., with his family as crew.



**JAY JENNISON** of Norfolk became the second Virginia golfer in a row to win the Tournament of Junior Golf Champions at the Kemwood Golf and Country Club at Bethesda, Md., when he took a sudden-death playoff on the first hole from Mike Mattingly of Bethesda.



**HENRY TILLETTE, 15,** of New Orleans-Maison Blanche All-Stars, won the Babe Ruth World Series championship in Anderson, Ind. He threw two three-hitters, hit a grand-slam homer, knocked in nine runs and batted .416 in his team's four wins.

## CREDITS

14-17-James Doyle 18-19-Walter Moore 20-21-James Doyle 22-23-Dan Williams 24-25-Tony Doyle 26-27-Robert Ray 40-41-Arthur Paterson 42-43-Johnny Potts 44-45-Ed Richards 46-47-Jack Kent Cobb 48-49-William King 50-51-Jack Kent Cobb 52-53-Jack Kent Cobb 54-55-Jack Kent Cobb 56-57-Tony Doyle 58-59-Jack Kent Cobb 60-61-Jack Kent Cobb 62-63-Jack Kent Cobb 64-65-Jack Kent Cobb 66-67-Jack Kent Cobb 68-69-Jack Kent Cobb 70-71-Jack Kent Cobb 72-73-Jack Kent Cobb 74-75-Jack Kent Cobb 76-77-Jack Kent Cobb 78-79-Jack Kent Cobb 80-81-Jack Kent Cobb 82-83-Jack Kent Cobb 84-85-Jack Kent Cobb 86-87-Jack Kent Cobb 88-89-Jack Kent Cobb 90-91-Jack Kent Cobb 92-93-Jack Kent Cobb 94-95-Jack Kent Cobb 96-97-Jack Kent Cobb 98-99-Jack Kent Cobb 100-101-Jack Kent Cobb 102-103-Jack Kent Cobb 104-105-Jack Kent Cobb 106-107-Jack Kent Cobb 108-109-Jack Kent Cobb 110-111-Jack Kent Cobb 112-113-Jack Kent Cobb 114-115-Jack Kent Cobb 116-117-Jack Kent Cobb 118-119-Jack Kent Cobb 120-121-Jack Kent Cobb 122-123-Jack Kent 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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## ZEROING IN

Sirs:

After reading Zero Plimpton's article on the pro football addict (*The Celestial Hell of the Superfan*, Sept. 13), I wonder if he isn't fudging a bit. All bona fide Superfans should be poring over final preseason-game reports—all the while keeping a wary ear attuned to "rumors." How could Plimpton find the time to disengage himself from these demanding tasks long enough to pen his article? Better he should shoulder his share of the worry load with the rest of us. Hasn't he heard the whispers that Pietro can't make that good open-field cut anymore? Hasn't he heard that Tex Maule thunderously judges Joe Don Looney to be an "uncertain quantity" (*Scouting Reports*, Sept. 13)? Can Detroit jell its offense and its rookie defensive backfield in time for the Minnesota game? If Pietro and Looney mesh into a Blanchard-Davis power nightmare for the rest of the NFL, should Gilmer try to hold the scores down? How low? Should Gilmer reactivate Plimpton's immortal zero for those bewilderingly masterful five clutch plays?

RICHARD E. BOTKE

New York City

## PROS AND CONS

Sirs:

Your September 13 pro football special was tremendous. It should be read and read again; and then reread in the spring to prove Tex Maule wrong again. It has to be the Vikings.

JOHN LOCKIE

Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

Re Tex Maule's NFL picks: he had better be ready to eat his words when Detroit does not finish in last place in the West.

N. NEWELL

Remus, Mich.

Sirs:

Tex Maule may be a fine judge of a football squad, but he is lax in his appraisal of individual players. His slight of the Chicago Bear backfield was a mistake. He himself points out that the Bears' rushing average was only one-tenth of the average of their championship year; therefore, the running game could not be blamed for the team's collapse. Maule accuses Bull, Maroon and Arnett of running like collegians of the Big Ten. To that I answer. First, Maroon is a fullback and should not be expected to be a brilliant broken-field runner. He is not the greatest, but how many Jim Browns do you want? Second, Ron Bull has proved himself to be a versatile as well as resourceful runner.

Speed is not a necessity. He did not get Rookie of the Year honors for his good looks. Third, Jon Arnett, new with the club, rusty from lack of action with the Rams and unsure of his position until midseason, still managed to lead the team in rushing with 400 yards. Arnett remains one of the most elusive backs in the league as Mr. Maule will see when that "cloud of dust" clears to reveal Jon in the end zone.

JAMES QUIGLEY

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

The more I read of Tex Maule's 1965 football report, the more ridiculous it sounds. He says the Colts are good but they do not have a strong defense. If he would check the exhibition scores he would find that the Colts defended pretty successfully by winning all their games.

BRUCE LAFFEMAN

Baltimore

Sirs:

In general, Mr. Maule and Mr. Sharnik did a fine job in previewing the 1965 NFL campaign, but if they made as many mistakes on other teams as they did with the Philadelphia Eagles, their eyeglasses need cleaning.

DICK WHITNEY

Meadowbrook, Pa.

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, your 1965 Pro Football Issue was the best yet. But in the Western Division of the AFL it will be the Raiders all the way to the title.

BERT COLBURN

Everett, Wash.

## SIGN OF RELIEF

Sirs:

It appears to me that neither William Leggett nor the National League players who favored Cincinnati have analyzed the pennant race correctly (*The Weekend Race Rolls On*, Sept. 13). Mr. Leggett underestimated the pennant-bound San Francisco Giants. He should have waited for the crucial pair between the Giants and Dodgers at Dodger Stadium before attempting to come to any conclusions about the race.

Mr. Leggett claims that, as of the beginning of August, 40% of the losses suffered by the top six teams have been charged to relief pitchers. In San Francisco's case, starters Marichal and Shaw have accounted for almost half of the team's wins. But relievers like Murakami, Loney, Perry and Henry did their share as well. The Giants have also had one of the best records in ex-

isting affairs, due to superb relief pitching. Mr. Leggett should wake up and recognize the best bullpen of them all. Why not give Herman Franks and his boys the credit they deserve? Better yet, why not take another poll? The last one was ridiculous.

MARTIN BERNSTEIN

Salt Lake City

## BEST BET

Sirs:

If Arthur Lydiard believes that 18-year-old Rex Maddaford will "succeed Peter Snell as Olympic Games champion in the 1,500 meters in Mexico City in 1968" (*Scorecard*, Sept. 6), he must have missed your articles on 18-year-old Jim Ryan. By using your method of comparing ages with times, I figure that Maddaford will be coming off the last turn when Ryan hits the tape. As to your advice of "don't bet against it," I'll put a year's subscription to SI on Ryan.

GEORGE BASSON

Philadelphia

## SHELL GAME

Sirs:

Several weeks ago a reader by the name of Anthony Fletcher mentioned the fact that in rowing the oar acts as a lever, with the oarlock acting as the fulcrum of the lever (19th Hole, Aug. 9). According to my physics teacher nothing could be further from the truth.

Certainly the oar is a lever. However, the blade is the fulcrum, while the oarlock is the load or resistance. After all, are you moving the boat or the water? Technically this is known as a second-class lever, the resistance being between the effort and the fulcrum.

DAVID CHARLES ZALK

Minneapolis

● Correct. In a practice tank the oarlock serves as a fulcrum, but when a shell is afloat the point at which the blade of the oar bites the water becomes the fulcrum and the load is centered on the oarlock. In simplest terms, if the oar is 12 feet long and the oarlock is located nine feet from the tip, a 200-pound rower need exert—in theory, at least, and discounting such realities as friction and the weight of the oar—only 150 pounds of effort to pull his weight. If the oarlock were the fulcrum, the effort required to move 200 pounds would be 600 pounds.—ED.

## LITEN, THE WIND

Sirs:

Congratulations on Myron Cope's story about Bob Prince (*The Prince of Puttputt*, *eccosport*).

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1978 MOLE cricketing

Sept. 13). It takes a great writer to write about a great sportswriter, newspaper, television celebrity and humanitarian of the caliber of Bob Prince. You do not have to like a person in this world to respect him, and this is why Prince is kidded so much. When Pittsburghers stop talking about Prince and start believing that "the word is a factor," Prince will have quit broadcasting for at least five years.

ROBERT W. ROHM

Pittsburgh

Sirs

An ideal trade would be the "Prince of the Pirates" for Kansas City's mule.

The way to enjoy a Pirate game when the "Prince of the Pirates" is rambling on TV is to turn off the sound and listen to Don Hoak and Jim Woods via transistor radio.

FLOYD H. CUNY

Terra Alta, W. Va.

Sirs

A. K. (Rusty) Roosevelt, Prince's predecessor and the fellow you refer to as a shriveled old man, was probably one of the great baseball announcers of all time. To be sure, his technical description of the game may not have been outstanding, but he did convey a sense of a true love of baseball and humanity. In the in-state area he was that rare radio personality whom you regarded as a friend even though you had never met him. I think Bob Prince is a fair baseball announcer, but there are few human beings who were ever in the same league with Rusty Roosevelt.

ROBERT LUCKY

St. Ann, Mo.

Sirs

You say Prince thinks he is the manager and he is always wrong. You didn't mention the game with the Braves on May 22. He said Willie Stargell would hit a home run, and Stargell did. He said Clendenen would hit one, and Donn did. He said Mazeroski would hit a soft single, and Bill did. He called all the plays right that day.

JIM REBUS

East Liverpool, Ohio

Sirs

Shame on the Pittsburgh fans who boo the most entertaining guy connected with the Pirates. Baseball has become so dull and the players so colorless that only a Prince can create an interesting picture. The average fan is less likely to remember pitching records and batting averages than the zany antics of the greatest players. Sportscenter Bob Prince makes baseball come alive over the air and, to paraphrase his favorite line, he's had me all the way.

MRS. RICHARD FETTERICK

Mound Union, Pa.

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